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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Sibyl; or the Two Nations. By B. Disraeli, M.P., author of "Coningsby." 3 vols. H. Colburn.

THERE is a critical difficulty in reviewing works of this description. We cannot but think them radically wrong in tone and spirit, and offences against society; and entertaining this opinion, we feel as if we should, to a certain degree, lapse into the same kind of error, if we were to speak of the author as he speaks of others, personally, with whom his position in life leads him to have intercourse and acquaintanceship. The question raised by publications of this new class is a very grave one; for it affects the whole system of social relations. Some years ago, when the novel-press was at its lowest ebb, the public was inundated with a series of low trashy books which purported to draw the characters and expose the vices of persons of some rank, and notorious for profligacy. After a very ephemeral run, they were scouted; and the only excuse that ever could be offered for them, was that they sprung from the necessities of needy scribblers, who knew nothing of the parties they held up to scorn from private access to their sphere, but merely got hold of some general scandal, and wrought it up for pay and subsistence. But in cases like the present there is a vast difference. The author is a gentleman of station and a member of parliament; and thus has access to the persons with whose names he makes so free, and to the circles in which they move. How far, then, it becomes necessary to inquire, are the conventional usages and understanding of gentlemanly life compromised by such a breach of all that has hitherto been thought essential to good company, and not conducive to Coventry? We may acknowledge, that in the conventionalisms to which we refer there may be stupid or distasteful observances; but still, if all the rules were broken down, there would be an end of privacy and confidence, and every element of genial communion would be destroyed. Willis, the American, was severely censured for publishing merely favourable descriptions of noble houses into which he had been invited, and of their inmates. Then how stands our author with his political and individual and family pictures, most of them venomously satirical and cruelly bitter? We know not how it is considered by those with whom he is in the habit of associating; but we must say, we should not look for much of the pleasantness of friendly and candid intercommunication with our fellow-citizens were any thing sufficient to tempt us to pursue a similar course. Politics and the House seem to have rendered Mr. D. insensible to the bearings of this practice. Parliamentarily, honourable gentlemen are in the habit of using the saucy roughness reprehended by King Lear, and calling each other by very disagreeable names. But this is public, and public duty is alleged to over-master and absorb all personal considerations—the same as in free-and-easy clubs, members give the lie and abuse other members as rogues and vagabonds without being amenable to reproof. But the recesses of men's houses, and the ap-

pearance or conduct of their wives and daughters, offer no grounds on which to pardon the caricature of their follies, or the exposure of their improprieties. The place where we have eaten salt, and all that pertain to it, have ever been held sacred among gentlemen; and if it be Young England to burst these barriers, we confess we shall grievously lament the good old times!

The two nations are *the Rich and the Poor*; and the professed object of the *Sibyl* is to command attention to the sufferings of the latter, and denounce oligarchic hard-heartedness and aristocratic pride. In this line Douglas Jerrold is infinitely more forcible. His "St. James and St. Giles," in his magazine, is a powerfully written story on the same topics; and he is more in earnest, less mocking, and has exceptions more just than the author before us. Here is one of the contrasts of the latter, as a sample:

"On the same night that *Sibyl* was encountering so many dangers, the saloons of Deloraine House blazed with a thousand lights to welcome the world of power and fashion to a festival of almost unprecedented magnificence. Fronting a royal park, its long lines of illuminated windows, and the bursts of gay and fantastic music that floated from its walls, attracted the admiration and curiosity of another party that was assembled in the same fashionable quarter, beneath a canopy not less bright, and reclining on a couch scarcely less luxurious, for they were lit by the stars and reposed upon the grass. 'I say, Jim,' said a young genius of fourteen, stretching himself upon the turf, 'I pity them ere jannies a sitting on their boxes all the night, and waiting for the nob's what is dancing. They as no repose.' 'But they as porter,' replied his friend, a sedate spirit, with the advantage of an additional year or two of experience. 'They takes their pot of half-and-half by turns, and if their name is called, the link what they subscribe for to pay, sings out 'here'; and that's the way their guvners is done.' 'I think I should like to be a link, Jim,' said the young one. 'I wish you may get it,' was the response: 'it's the next best thing to a crossing: it's what every one looks to when he enters public life, but he soon finds 'taint to be done without a deal of interest. They keeps it to themselves, and never lets any one in unless he makes himself very troublesome, and gets up a party agin 'em.' 'I wonder what the nob's has for supper,' said the young one, pensively; 'lots of kidneys, I dare say.' 'Oh! no: sweets is the time of day in these here blow-outs: syllabubs like blazes, and snap-dragon as makes the flunkies quite pale.' 'I would thank you, sir, not to tread upon this child,' said a widow. She had three others with her, slumbering around, and this was the youngest, wrapt in her only shawl. 'Madam,' replied the person whom she addressed, in tolerable English, but with a marked accent, 'I have bivouacked in many lands, but never with so young a comrade: I beg you a thousand pardons.' 'Sir, you are very polite. These warm nights are a great blessing, but I am sure I know not what we shall do in the fall of the leaf.' 'Take no thought of the morrow,' said the foreigner, who was a Pole; had served as

a boy beneath the suns of the Peninsula under Soult, and fought against Diebitch on the banks of the icy Vistula: 'it brings many changes.' And arranging the cloak which he had taken that day out of pawn around him, he delivered himself up to sleep with that facility which is not uncommon among soldiers. Here broke out a brawl: two girls began fighting and blaspheming; a man immediately came up, chastised and separated them. 'I am the Lord Mayor of the night,' he said, 'and I will have no row here. 'Tis the like of you that makes the beaks threaten to expel us from our lodgings.' His authority seemed generally recognised, the girls were quiet, but they had disturbed a sleeping man, who roused himself, looked around him, and said with a scared look, 'Where am I? What's all this?' 'Oh! it's nothin',' said the elder of the two lads we first noticed, 'only a couple of unfortunate gals who've prigg'd a watch from a cove what was lousy, and fell asleep under the trees between this and Kinsington.' 'I wish they had not waked me,' said the man; 'I walked as far as from Stokenchurch, and that's a matter of forty miles, this morning, to see if I could get some work, and went to bed here without any supper. I'm blessed if I worn't dreaming of a roast leg of pork.' 'It has not been a lucky day for me,' rejoined the lad; 'I could not find a single gentleman's horse to hold, so help me, except one what was at the House of Commons, and he kept me there two mortal hours, and said, when he came out, that he would remember me next time. I ain't tasted no vittals to-day, except some cat's-meat and a cold potato what was given me by a cabman; but I have got a quid here, and if you are very low, I'll give you half.' In the mean time, Lord Valentine and the Princess Stephanie of Eurasberg, with some companions worthy of such a pair, were dancing a new mazurka before the admiring assembly at Deloraine House. The ball was in the statue-gallery, illumined on this night in the Russian fashion, which, while it diffused a brilliant light throughout the beautiful chamber, was peculiarly adapted to develop the contour of the marble forms of grace and loveliness that were ranged around. 'Where is Arabella?' inquired Lord Marney of his mother; 'I want to present young Huntingford to her. He can be of great use to me, but he bores me so, I cannot talk to him. I want to present him to Arabella.' 'Arabella is just in the blue drawing-room. I saw her just now with Mr. Jermyn and Charles. Count Soudriafsky is teaching them some Russian tricks.' 'What are Russian tricks to me? she must talk to young Huntingford; every thing depends on his working with me against the Cut-and-Come-again branch-line; they have refused me my compensation, and I am not going to have my estate cut up into ribbons without compensation.' 'My dear Lady Deloraine,' said Lady de Mowbray, 'how beautiful your gallery looks to-night! Certainly there is nothing in London that lights up so well.' 'Its greatest ornaments are its guests. I am charmed to see Lady Joan looking so well.' 'You think so?' 'Indeed.' 'I wish——' and here Lady de Mowbray gave a smiling sigh.

'What do you think of Mr. Mountchesney?' 'He is universally admired.' 'So every one says, and yet—' 'Well, what do you think of the Dashville, Fitz?' said Mr. Berners to Lord Fitzheron, 'I saw you dancing with her.' 'I can't bear her: she sets up to be natural and is only rude; mistakes insolence for innocence; says every thing which comes first to her lips, and thinks she is gay when she is only giddy.' 'Tis brilliant,' said Lady Joan to Mr. Mountchesney. 'When you are here,' he murmured. 'And yet a ball in a gallery of art is not in my opinion in good taste. The associations which are suggested by sculpture are not festive. Repose is the characteristic of sculpture. Do not you think so?' 'Decidedly,' said Mr. Mountchesney; 'we danced in the gallery at Matfield this Christmas, and I thought all the time that a gallery is not the place for a ball; it is too long and too narrow.' Lady Joan looked at him, and her lip rather curled. 'I wonder if Valentine has sold that bay cob of his,' said Lord Milford to Lord Eugene de Vere. 'I wonder,' said Lord Eugene. 'I wish you would ask him, Eugene,' said Lord Milford; 'you understand, I don't want him to know I want it.' 'Tis such a bore to ask questions,' said Lord Eugene. 'Shall we carry Chichester?' asked Lady Firebrace of Lady St. Julians. 'Oh! do not speak to me ever again of the House of Commons,' she replied in a tone of affected despair; 'what use is winning our way by units? It may take years. Lord Protocol says that 'one is enough.' That Jamaica affair has really ended by greatly strengthening them.' 'I do not despair,' said Lady Firebrace; 'the unequivocal adhesion of the Duke of Fitz-Aquitaine is a great thing. It gives us the northern division at a dissolution.' 'That is to say in five years, my dear Lady Firebrace. The country will be ruined before that.' 'We shall see. Is it a settled thing between Lady Joan and Mr. Mountchesney?' 'Not the slightest foundation. Lady Joan is a most sensible girl, as well as a most charming person and my dear friend. She is not in a hurry to marry, and quite right. If indeed Frederiek were a little more steady—but nothing shall ever induce me to consent to his marrying her, unless I thought he was worthy of her.' 'You are such a good mother,' exclaimed Lady Firebrace, 'and such a good friend! I am glad to hear it is not true about Mr. Mountchesney.' 'If you could only help me, my dear Lady Firebrace, to put an end to that affair between Frederiek and Lady Wallington. It is so silly, and getting talked about; and in his heart too he really loves Lady Joan; only he is scarcely aware of it himself.' 'We must manage it,' said Lady Firebrace, with a look of encouraging mystery. 'Do, my dear creature; speak to him: he is very much guided by your opinion. Tell him every body is laughing at him; and any other little thing that occurs to you.' 'I will come directly,' said Lady Marney to her husband, 'only let me see this.' 'Well, I will bring Huntingford here. Mind you speak to him a great deal; take his arm, and go down to supper with him if you can.' 'He is a very nice sensible young fellow, and you will like him very much I am sure; a little shy at first, but he only wants bringing out.' A dexterous description of one of the most unlicked and unlikable cubs that ever entered society with forty thousand a year; courted by all, and with just that degree of cunning that made him suspicious of every attention. 'This dreadful Lord Huntingford!' said Lady Marney. 'Jermyn and I will interfere,' said Egremont, 'and help you.' 'No, no,' said Lady Marney, shaking her head; 'I must do it.'

The dangers of Sibyl, alluded to in this quotation, are imaginary perils in getting out of a hired cab somewhere about the Seven Dials, whither she has gone to warn her father, Gerard, a chartist delegate, conspiring a revolution with his colleagues, and who is the glorified representative of the The Poor Nation,—being besides the noble descendant of an illustrious Saxon race, defrauded of his inheritance by a rascally lawyer and an upstart peer.

With the personalities of *Coningsby*, this is a much duller book; and Tadpole and Taper again, as well as some of the other characters, are tedious. Mr. D., however, 'thinks it due to himself to state, that he believes there is not a trait in this work for which he has not the authority of his own observation, or the authentic evidence which has been received by Royal Commissions and Parliamentary Committees. But while he hopes he has alleged nothing which is not true, he has found the absolute necessity of suppressing much that is genuine. For so little do we know of the state of our own country, that the air of improbability that the whole truth would inevitably throw over these pages, might deter many from their perusal.' 'That' 'that' is not very elegant style, and reminds us 'that that that that noble lord said is not that that he ought to have said.' But slight matters may be left, to afford some notion of the more leading features of *Sibyl*. As Judaism was exalted in his preceding three volumes, so is it here, but through another church and religion. The affairs of Puseyism introduce the subject.

'The Church [i.e. of England] convened to its solemnities, under its splendid and almost celestial roofs, amid the finest monuments of art that human hands have raised, the whole Christian population; for there, in the presence of God, all were brethren. It shared equally among all its prayer, its incense, and its music; its sacred instructions, and the highest enjoyments that the arts could afford.' 'You believe, then, in the efficacy of forms and ceremonies?' 'What you call forms and ceremonies represent the divinest instincts of our nature. Push your aversion to forms and ceremonies to a legitimate conclusion, and you would prefer kneeling in a barn rather than in a cathedral. Your tenets would strike at the very existence of all art, which is essentially spiritual.' 'I am not speaking abstractedly,' said Egremont, 'but rather with reference to the indirect connexion of these forms and ceremonies with another church. The people of this country associate them with an enthralling superstition and a foreign dominion.' 'With Rome,' said Mr. St. Lys; 'yet forms and ceremonies existed before Rome.' 'But practically,' said Egremont, 'has not their revival in our service at the present day a tendency to restore the Romish system in this country?' 'It is difficult to ascertain what may be the practical effect of certain circumstances among the uninformed,' said Mr. St. Lys. 'The Church of Rome is to be respected as the only Hebrew-Christian church extant; all other churches established by the Hebrew apostles have disappeared, but Rome remains; and we must never permit the exaggerated position which it assumed in the middle centuries to make us forget its early and apostolical character, when it was fresh from Palestine, and as it were fragrant from Paradise. The Church of Rome is sustained by apostolical succession; but apostolical succession is not an institution complete in itself; it is a part of a whole; if it be not part of a whole it has no foundation. The apostles succeeded the prophets. Our Master announced himself as the last of the

prophets. They in their turn were the heirs of the patriarchs: men who were in direct communication with the Most High. To men not less favoured than the apostles, the revelation of the priestly character was made, and those forms and ceremonies ordained, which the Church of Rome has never relinquished. But Rome did not invent them: upon their practice, the duty of all congregations, we cannot consent to her founding a claim to supremacy. For would you maintain, then, that the Church did not exist in the time of the prophets? Was Moses, then, not a churchman? And Aaron, was he not a high priest? Ay! greater than any pope or prelate, whether he be at Rome or at Lambeth. In all these church-discussions we are apt to forget that the second Testament is avowedly only a supplement. Jehovah-Jesus came to complete the law and the prophets. Christianity is completed Judaism, or it is nothing. Christianity is incomprehensible without Judaism, as Judaism is incomplete without Christianity. What has Rome to do with its completion; what with its commencement? The law was not thundered forth from the Capitoline mount; the divine atonement was not fulfilled upon Mons Sacer. No; the order of our priesthood comes directly from Jehovah; and the forms and ceremonies of his Church are the regulations of his supreme intelligence. Rome, indeed, boasts that the authenticity of the second Testament depends upon the recognition of her infallibility. The authenticity of the second Testament depends upon its congruity with the first. Did Rome preserve that? I recognise in the Church an institution thoroughly, sincerely catholic: adapted to all climes and to all ages. I do not bow to the necessity of a visible head in a defined locality; but were I to seek for such, it would not be at Rome. I cannot discover in its history, however memorable, any testimony of a mission so sublime. When Omnipotence deigned to be incarnate, the ineffable Word did not select a Roman frame. The prophets were not Romans; the apostles were not Romans; she who was blessed above all women, I never heard she was a Roman maiden. No, I should look to a land more distant than Italy, to a city more sacred than Rome.'

All the nobility painted in these pages are base Venetian strugglers for higher rank, for office, or for power and influence; and the revolution of 1830 is thus characterised:—

'The Reform Act has not placed the administration of our affairs in abler hands than conducted them previously to the passing of the measure; for the most efficient members of the present cabinet, with some very few exceptions, and those attended by peculiar circumstances, were ministers before the Reform Act was contemplated. Nor has that memorable statute created a parliament of a higher reputation for public qualities—such as political ability, and popular eloquence, and national consideration—than was furnished by the old scheme. On the contrary; one house of parliament has been irremediably degraded into the decaying position of a mere court of registry, possessing great privileges on condition that it never exercises them; while the other chamber—that, at the first blush, and to the superficial, exhibits symptoms of almost unnatural vitality, engrossing in its orbit all the business of the country—assumes, on a more studious inspection, somewhat of the character of a select vestry, fulfilling municipal rather than imperial offices, and beleaguered by critical and clamorous millions, who cannot comprehend why a privileged and exclusive senate

is required to perform functions which immediately concern all, which most personally comprehend, and which many in their civic spheres believe they could accomplish in a manner not less satisfactory, though certainly less ostentatious. But if it have not furnished us with able administrators or a more illustrious senate, the Reform Act may have exercised on the country at large a beneficial influence. Has it? Has it elevated the tone of the public mind? Has it cultured the popular sensibilities to noble and ennobling ends? Has it proposed to the people of England a higher test of national respect and confidence than the debasing qualification universally prevalent in this country since the fatal introduction of the system of Dutch finance? Who will pretend it? If a spirit of rapacious covetousness, desecrating all the humanities of life, has been the besetting sin of England for the last century and a half, since the passing of the Reform Act the altar of Mammon has blazed with triple worship! To acquire, to accumulate, to plunder each other by virtue of philosophic phrases, to propose an Utopia to consist only of wealth and toil—this has been the breathless business of enfranchised England for the last twelve years, until we are startled from our voracious strife by the wall of intolerable serfage."

Of a dissolution of parliament we read:—
Now is the time for the men to come forward who have claims; claims for spending their money, which nobody asked them to do, but which of course they only did for the sake of the party. They never wrote for their party, or spoke for their party, or gave their party any other vote than their own; but they urge their claims,—to something; a commissioner-ship of any thing, or a consulship any where; if no place to be had, they are ready to take it out in dignities. They once looked to the privy council, but would now be content with an hereditary honour; if they can have neither, they will take a clerkship in the Treasury for a younger son. Perhaps they may get that in time; at present they go away growling with a gaugership; or having, with desperate dexterity, at length contrived to transform a tide-water into a land-water. But there is nothing like asking—except refusing."

East India nabobs are treated even more disrespectfully and abusively than peers; and the whole class of baronets, with their pretensions to noblesse, are held up to unsparring ridicule.

Mr. D. runs through the grievances and miseries of agricultural labourers, with wages insufficient to sustain nature. He next exhibits the factory workers in as deplorable a condition, victims of the truck-system, and mercenary oppressive task-masters. He then shows that the mining districts are under a still more barbarous tyranny: in short, that the land is overspread with starvation, cruelty, and slow murder, whilst a few revel in unbounded luxuries. The rural country with a lovely landscape is a picture of woe and misery.

Beautiful illusion! For behind that laughing landscape, penury and disease fed upon the vitals of a miserable population! The contrast between the interior of the town and its external aspect was as striking as it was full of pain. With the exception of the dull high streets, which had the usual characteristics of a small agricultural market-town, some sombre mansions, a dingy inn, and a petty bourse, Marney mainly consisted of a variety of narrow and crowded lanes formed by cottages built of rubble, or unhewn stones without cement, and, from age or badness of the material, looking as if they could scarcely hold together. The

gaping chinks admitted every blast; the leaning chimneys had lost half their original height; the rotten rafters were evidently misplaced; while in many instances the thatch, yawning in some parts to admit the wind and wet, and in all utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looked more like the top of a dunghill than a cottage. Before the doors of these dwellings, and often surrounding them, ran open drains full of animal and vegetable refuse, decomposing into disease, or sometimes in their imperfect course filling foul pits or spreading into stagnant pools, while a concentrated solution of every species of dissolving filth was allowed to soak through and thoroughly impregnate the walls and ground adjoining. These wretched tenements seldom consisted of more than two rooms, in one of which the whole family, however numerous, were obliged to sleep, without distinction of age, or sex, or suffering. With the water streaming down the walls, the light distinguished through the roof, with no hearth even in winter, the virtuous mother, in the sacred pangs of child-birth, gives forth another victim to our thoughtless civilisation, surrounded by three generations, whose inevitable presence is more painful than her sufferings in that hour of travail; while the father of her coming child, in another corner of the sordid chamber, lies stricken by that typhus which his contaminating dwelling has breathed into his veins, and for whose next prey is perhaps destined his new-born child. These swarming walls had neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or admit the sun or supply the means of ventilation; the humid and putrid roof of thatch exhaling malaria like all other decaying vegetable matter. The dwelling-rooms were neither boarded nor paved; and whether it were that some were situated in low and damp places, occasionally flooded by the river, and usually much below the level of the road,—or that the springs, as was often the case, would burst through the mud floor,—the ground was at no time better than so much clay; while sometimes you might see little channels cut from the centre under the doorways to carry off the water, the door itself removed from its hinges: a resting place for infancy in its deluged home. These hovels were in many instances not provided with the commonest conveniences of the rudest police; contiguous to every door might be observed the dung-heap on which every kind of filth was accumulated, for the purpose of being disposed of for manure; so that, when the poor man opened his narrow habitation, in the hope of refreshing it with the breeze of summer, he was met with a mixture of gases from reeking dunghills.

"To that home—over which malaria hovered, and round whose shivering hearth were clustered other guests besides the exhausted family of toil, fever in every form, pale consumption, exhausting synochus, and trembling ague—returned, after cultivating the broad fields of merry England, the bold British peasant; returned to encounter the worst of diseases, with a frame the least qualified to oppose them—a frame that, subdued by toil, was never sustained by animal food; drenched by the tempest, could not change its dripping rags; and was indebted for its scanty fuel to the windfalls of the woods. The eyes of this unhappy race might have been raised to the solitary spire that sprang up in the midst of them, the bearer of present consolation, the harbinger of future equality; but Holy Church at Marney had forgotten her sacred mission!"

The manufacturers are just as bad. A hero of Manchester, *soubriqueted* for his virtues Devilsdust, is thus depicted:

"This was the familiar appellation of a young gentleman, who really had no other, baptismal or patrimonial. About a fortnight after his mother had introduced him into the world, she returned to her factory and put her infant out to nurse; that is to say, paid threepence a week to an old woman who takes charge of these new-born babes for the day, and gives them back at night to their mothers as they hurriedly return from the scene of their labour to the dungeon or the den which is still by courtesy called 'home.' The expense is not great: laudanum and treacle, administered in the shape of some popular elixir, affords these innocents a brief taste of the sweets of existence, and keeping them quiet, prepares them for the silence of their impending grave. Infanticide is practised as extensively and as legally in England as it is on the banks of the Ganges; a circumstance which apparently has not yet engaged the attention of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. But the vital principle is an impulse from an immortal artist, and sometimes baffles, even in its tenderest phasis, the machinations of society for its extinction. There are infants that will defy even starvation and poison, unnatural mothers and demon nurses. Such was the nameless one of whom we speak. We cannot say he thrived; but he would not die. So at two years of age, his mother being lost sight of, and the weekly payment having ceased, he was sent out in the street to 'play,' in order to be run over. Even this expedient failed. The youngest and the feeblest of the band of victims, Juggernaut spared him to Moloch. All his companions were disposed of. Three months' 'play' in the streets got rid of this tender company,—shoeless, half-naked, and uncombed,—whose age varied from two, to five years. Some were crushed, some were lost, some caught cold and fevers, crept back to their garret or their cellars, were dosed with Godfrey's cordial, and died in peace. The nameless one would not disappear. He always got out of the way of the carts and horses, and never lost his own. They gave him no food; he foraged for himself, and shared with the dogs the garbage of the streets. But still he lived; stunted and pale, he defied even the fatal fever, which was the only habitant of his cellar that never quitted it. And slumbering at night on a bed of mouldering straw, his only protection against the plashy surface of his den, with a dunghill at his head, and a cesspool at his feet, he still clung to the only roof which shielded him from the tempest. At length, when the nameless one had completed his fifth year, the pest which never quitted the nest of cellars of which he was a citizen, raged in the quarter with such intensity, that the extinction of its swarming population was menaced. The haunt of this child was peculiarly visited. All the children gradually sickened except himself; and one night when he returned home, he found the old woman herself dead, and surrounded only by corpses. The child before this had slept on the same bed of straw with a corpse, but then there were also breathing beings for his companions. A night passed only with corpses seemed to him in itself a kind of death. He stole out of the cellar, quitted the quarter of pestilence, and after much wandering laid down near the door of a factory. Fortune had guided him. Soon after break of day, he was woken by the sound of the factory-bell, and found assembled a crowd of

men, women, and children. The door opened, they entered, the child accompanied them. The roll was called; his unauthorised appearance noticed; he was questioned; his acuteness excited attention. "A child was wanted in the Wadding Hole, a place for the manufacture of waste and damaged cotton, the refuse of the mills, which is here worked up into counterpanes and coverlids. The nameless one was preferred to the vacant post, received even a salary—more than that, a name; for as he had none, he was christened on the spot—DEVILSDUST."

"This hero, with another about the same age, 16 or 17, become leaders of mob-meetings at midnight moor-associations. "So young and yet so wise!"

"We will not trouble our readers with the mining or metal-working division of this calamitous national Disraeli state of things, nor with the diatribes against game-laws and *bat-tues*. Nor with the tiresome details of House-of-Commons tactics—more lively in Lady Emmeline S. Wortley's comedy—nor with the plots of trades' unions, the five points of the charter, nor the dark conspiracies of traitorous incendiaries. The author appears to be at home about them, whether in a rising for six weeks holiday in Lancashire, and burning ricks and sacking noble residences, or in secret conclaves in Westminster, and cellar-haunts in St. Giles. The accounts may be founded on accurate information; but they are evidently over-coloured, or probably imagined from such occurrences as the Cat-Street conspiracy.

"On the whole, the book has much disappointed us, even for the talent and ability we expected; and as for its tendency, we think it of the worst among the worst. There is one comfort: it is not calculated to make such an impression upon the poorer classes as other productions of the same genus; but we are the less obliged to a member of the British senate for this, as it is the attempt and not the will which has confounded him.

The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales.

By L. Stuart Costello, author of "A Summer among the Bocages," &c. &c. Pp. 321. Longmans.

Just such a pretty, picturesque, and flowery book as so inviting, varied, and sweet a subject demands. Miss Costello's pen, accompanied by Mr. McKean's pencil, has traversed Wales, and selected its beauties for congenial description and illustration. Its charming landscapes, its ruins, and its legends, warm the fancy of the writer, and invite the graphic skill of the painter. For a proof of the talent with which the former at least is executed, we quote a portion of the chapter on Dolgellau:

"Dolgellau, or Dolgellay, the Vale of the Hazel, is the chief town of Merionethshire; and, hearing that fact, the stranger is not a little astonished, on crossing the bridge and driving into the rugged streets of a wretched village, to find that he is arrived at his destination. We looked round us in amazement when we stepped forth from the large ugly inn, and found ourselves in this shabbiest of Welsh towns, where we could not conjecture how it was possible that assizes and markets of importance in the principality could be held. Most of the towns in Wales are mean in the extreme; but Dolgellay certainly is the very Priam of British cities for 'sovereign desolation.' It had looked so bright and gay and pleasant a mile off, and the situation is so exquisite, that we began to believe ourselves under the influence of a spell, or just awaking

from one, to find our fairy palaces changed into hovels: this had so often happened to us in France, that we were less excusable in having raised our expectations so highly. We were not, however, allowed long to look upon the little stone caves in this hazel bower, for the usual hospitality of the country was again extended to us, and we took up our abode during our stay at the seat of a gentleman in the vicinity. From thence we had many opportunities of visiting the charming spots with which this part of the country abounds. Not that a traveller is ill-accommodated, even in this ill-built and unprepossessing place, where very neat clean lodgings can be had, and where the inn is sufficiently commodious and good; but there is not a street in which a prospect of anything in the slightest degree alluring can be obtained, although the whole country round is a paradise. It is recorded that a native of Dolgellay, on being asked to describe the town, threw a cork and a handful of nutshells on a table, and letting the one represent the church, and the others the plan of the buildings, gave as good an idea as could possibly be conveyed of the style of architecture and form of the streets. The church is not old or picturesque, either within or without: one monument alone of any interest remains hidden in a corner: it is of an early date, and has the effigy of a knight in full armour, bearing the inscription;—"Hic jacet Mauric, filius Nynr Vychan." The family of Vaughan, or Vychan, were long the lords of this part of Wales, and are still the chief personages, although the death of the well-known Sir Robert Vaughan of Nannau Park, has made a void in the society which can never be replaced. There are no pews in the church, instead of which there are open benches; a custom which allows of a great deal of space: decorated coffin-plates are hung in remarkable profusion over the pillars of the church, and convey an idea of the votive offerings to saints in Catholic places of worship; this is a usual practice here; the plates are taken from a coffin when a person is buried, and hung up there: this is, no doubt, a relic of some Catholic superstition, and it has a most singular effect. A few rugged stones, in a dirty corner, is all that remains of the Parliament House where Owen Glendwr held meetings with his friends; but though probably many of the houses are built on the site of convents, nothing is left to indicate such an origin, or to redeem the town from ugliness, or render it a fitting abode for animals of a higher species than the huge hogs which, as is usual in Welsh towns, make the streets their favourite resort.

"Owen Glendwr, although he is much vaunted by his countrymen, always appears to me to have been selfish, unfeeling, boastful, and treacherous; to have sacrificed his friends to his interests, and to have sought his own safety at their expense. The popular story connected with this tree is not calculated to raise his character. Nannau was formerly possessed by a Welsh knight named Howell Sele, who, refusing to take part with Owen Glendwr when he rose to assert his rights against Henry the Fourth, incurred the enmity of the aspirant to the sovereignty of Wales. Glendwr, whose residence was not far from this part of the country, and to whom, indeed, much of the valley which extends from Dolgellay to Llangollen, and is called Glendwrwy, belonged, on one occasion resolved to take

His pleasure in the woods of Howell Sele; and, without seeking permission or caring for opposition, set out accompanied

by his friend Madog, and made the glades of Nannau re-echo to the sound of their horns. The unaccustomed blast was heard by Howell, and his anger arose; he armed himself, seized his sword, and hurrying forth, placed himself in a spot where he knew the intruders must pass. It was not long before the proud Owen and his companion came in sight; and there, beneath an oak of gigantic size, and already hollow with age, although green and flourishing, they saw the frowning chieftain, who asked in a loud and severe voice how Glendwr, a rebel to his king, a disturber of the peace of his country, presumed to enter his grounds and hunt without his leave. A fierce answer was of course returned, and the quarrel which both sought was soon too deadly to be decided by any other means than the sword. They fought long and furiously, with none to witness the affray but Madog, who stood by. The advantage was with Glendwr, and Howell Sele was slain. A fearful pause ensued. The master killed in his own woods; his known enemy having been seen on his way to the fatal hunting scene: these facts were too glaring to be concealed—Glendwr's conscience told him he had done amiss, and he dared not stand the brunt of an inquiry. Aided by his friend he took his measures accordingly, and they both rode as swiftly as they could from the scene. All was desolate in the halls of Nannau; the master had disappeared and was no where to be found; the country had been searched far and near, but no trace of him was discovered. An infant heir was shewn by the weeping mother to his dejected followers; and Howell Sele was mourned for several years, and his fate unaccounted for. The great attempt of Owen Glendwr had failed. Hotspur had fallen at the battle of Shrewsbury; while the chief who was his ally had looked on in safety on the other side of the river. Henry the Fourth and his victorious son were crowned with conquest, and the Welsh prince had found an obscure grave. The lady of Nannau still wept her lord; but still, with the tenacity of affection, she trusted that he might yet return; and her vows at the altar of St. Mary were, that she might yet behold him once more. One dark November night, when the wind howled fearfully amongst the pine-woods, which waved gloomily round the deserted mansion, and all the household were preparing for repose, a knight urged his steed up the steep mountain-road that leads from the brawling torrent of the Mawddach to the heights now enveloped in mist, and pausing at the portal, sounded the horn which hung at the castle-gate. He demanded to see the lady of Nannau on pressing business which would brook no delay, and was conducted to her presence. The stranger paused a moment at the threshold, and then said, 'Summon all your household, lady, and let me be witnesses of the words I have to utter. I am Madog, the friend of the unfortunate Prince Owen Glendwr, who slew your husband.' He then went on to relate the circumstances of Howell Sele's death, and bade them search in the hollow of the oak for the body. No time was lost; all hurried to the spot, and there, enclosed in the huge trunk of the tree, was found the skeleton of their master with his armour on, and the sword still grasped in his bony hand. A magnificent tomb was erected for Howell Sele in the abbey of Kymmer, in the vale below, and perpetual masses instituted for the repose of his soul; but from that time the oak of Nannau, which was standing thirty years since, was well known to be haunted with the evil spirits which that bad deed of Glendwr's had attracted."

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Near at hand "is just such a calm, secret, unexpected lake as might be the scene of a fairy tradition related of one of these charming sheets of water in Caermarthenshire, South Wales." I see no reason why the same circumstances should not be attached to this, for it is as much

"A mirror and a bath"

for fairies, as any lake one could find. A young man who was remarkable for his good looks, and who was employed by a farmer, had been sent to a town near his residence to the fair, to purchase some lambs. Having succeeded to his wish, he led the lambs to graze close to Llyn-y-Van-Yach, on the Black Mountains. Whenever he visited his charge, as he sat by the side of the lake, he used to see three lovely female figures hovering about on its borders; he perceived them distinctly, but their movements were as rapid as those of birds or butterflies, and they almost dazzled his eyes by the quickness of their motions as they skimmed along the waters, their little feet just touching the surface, and then darting off to another part of the lake. The young man was so fascinated with their appearance, that he loved to sit whole days in the sun watching them, and at last his desire became extreme to catch and look at them nearer. Accordingly, the next time they appeared, he started up and pursued them round the lake, till he was almost exhausted with his vain efforts; for every time he thought them within his reach, they would flit off to a distance, and he heard a low silver laugh, and caught the taunting words,

"Cras dy fara"

"Anghwyl dy ddala,"

which signifies, 'For him who eateth baked bread, it is difficult to catch us.' This almost dispirited the young shepherd: but one day, as he was leaning his cheek on his hand, wishing he could hit on some expedient to secure the volatile beauties, he observed some substance like bread floating on the waters. He put forth his crook and drew it to land; it looked like the finest wheaten bread, and it had round it a golden-coloured border, as if it was made of the yellow flour which is sprinkled in the heart of a water-lily: he tasted it, and thought he had never eaten anything so delicious: he therefore finished it with great avidity and satisfaction. That day the lovely ladies did not appear, and it was with some apprehension of having offended them that he came the next morning to the lake: to his great joy, however, he saw the three beauties again, and commenced his chase after them as usual. This time he was successful, and caught them all three in his arms, as they stood on the points of some flags at the water's edge. 'Now then,' exclaimed he, 'since I have you, beautiful creatures, you shall not go again till one of you promises to be my wife.' 'We are willing,' they replied, smiling; 'choose the one of us you prefer, and then let us go. She shall be your wife, if, when we all three return to-morrow, you can distinguish her from the other two.' This was agreed—he found it somewhat difficult to choose, for each was as perfect in beauty as her sister; but he thought one looked upon him with greater tenderness. This one, he observed, had the clasp of the shining sash that bound her small foot rather differently arranged from those of the others; and as they were about to depart, he entreated her in a whisper to tell him how he should know her again. 'I will,' said the fair being, 'stand between my sisters, and turn my right foot a little to the right.' The next morning the shepherd was made happy, for the fairies came,

and he claimed the one who was to be his bride. She left the lake, and her sisters disappeared. As soon as she stood on the ground, she made a signal with her hand, and from the waters came seven cows, one bull, and two oxen. 'This is my dower,' said she; 'I will be your wife, and live with you, till you strike me three times; but if that ever happens, I must leave you instantly.' They lived in their farm most happily for several years, and the lovely lady brought him three sons—the celebrated Meddygon Myddvai, great physicians and learned men; but while they were yet children, the shepherd was one day preparing to attend a fair in the neighbourhood, and told his wife to go to a field and fetch his horse. She said she would; but, being rather dilatory, he playfully reproached her, saying, 'Dôs, dôs, dôs,' or 'Go, go, go; and as he did so, he tapped her three times unwittingly with the glove he held in his hand. She fled instantly, and he heard her voice summoning her cattle to follow her. The oxen were then ploughing the field, but they obeyed her call, and carried off the plough with them. The furrow from the field in which they were ploughing extends to the margin of the lake, and may be traced there at the present day. After her departure she met her three sons in a cwm (hollow), and delivered to each of them a bag containing something very mysterious, but the use of which she taught them. This it was that gave them the power of healing all diseases, and which made them afterwards so famous in their day."

Could a tourist have a more pleasant guide in a ramble over Wales? Only the good fortune of meeting the accomplished author!

German University Education; or, the Professors and Students of Germany. By Walter C. Perry, Phil. Dr. of the University of Göttingen. 12mo. Longmans.

This is a very nice 'hand-book' of information relating to the condition and system of the German Universities, and will be of interest at the present moment, when the subject of national education is attracting so large a share of public attention in England, and the state of our own universities is becoming every day more and more an object of consideration. We owe its publication to the well-known zeal in educational and university reform of Mr. James Heywood, at whose expense it has been written and printed, as we gather from the preface. The generality of Englishmen are at present almost totally ignorant of the scholastic establishments of Germany, and, without entering further into the book than to give an extract or two, we cordially recommend this little volume as calculated to make them better known, and as containing information which may be depended upon for its accuracy. Although there are some characteristics of the German university-life which we should hardly wish to see imparted to our educational establishments, still there is much in it to admire and imitate. The following is the "career of a German professor":—

"Whoever wishes to become a privatim docens must obtain leave of the minister of instruction to announce himself for 'habilitation' (formal admission) into the faculty to which he desires to attach himself. This permission he cannot obtain until three years after he has completed his studies at the university. He must also have taken his degree as doctor. If he is in a condition to answer these requirements, and no objection on political or other grounds be made to him on the part of the curator, he signifies his desire to join a faculty in

a Latin epistle to the dean, accompanied by a 'curriculum vitæ,' and a Latin or German treatise on some point connected with the subjects on which he proposes to lecture in the university. The members of the faculty then choose by ballot two commissioners, whose duty it is to subject the testimonials and treatise of the candidate to a rigid examination, and to give a written opinion of his merits. The above-mentioned documents, together with the judgment of the commissioners, are then sent round to each member of the faculty; and the admission or exclusion of the candidate is decided at their next meeting by simple majority. Should the result be favourable to his wishes, the dean directs him to prepare, within four weeks, and deliver a lecture on some appropriate subject chosen by the dean; after which the assembled members of the faculty hold a 'colloquium' with him on the points which he has treated of in his lecture. It is then decided by simple majority whether he shall be admitted as privatim docens or not. The privatim docens may be raised by the minister of instruction to the rank of professor extraordinary at any time after his 'habilitation'; but he can make no claim to such advancement until he has lectured in the university for three years. He is then entitled to apply, through his faculty, for promotion. The answer to this application may be a simple negative, as the minister is not bound to take a teacher's length of standing into consideration, but only his abilities and services. The academical teacher having attained the position of a professor extraordinary, has the full opportunity of proving his ability, and displaying the stores of his mind before his university and his country. In his capacity as a teacher, he is placed in all respects on an equal footing with the most distinguished and highly salaried of the professors in ordinary; and his exclusion from the business of the senate, and the laborious and anxious honours of the rectorship and deanship, must be reckoned rather as an advantage at the beginning of his career. His future fate is in his own hands. To secure advancement, he has to distinguish himself not only as an able and learned teacher, but as a zealous and ever-progressing student, of his science. Talent alone may fail before so learned a tribunal; and industry without talent will not suffice; but where the two are united in the same individual, it is scarcely possible even for ministerial influence to keep him from ultimately obtaining the natural fruits of his exertions. The professorial chairs of the whole of Germany, and even those of many other countries, are open to his ambition; and the friendly but ever-active rivalry which exists among the universities of the different states ensures to the man of genius and learning a fitting and honourable sphere of exertion."

The professor's position in society is thus described:

"The professor of a German university holds perhaps the proudest and most independent position in which a German can be placed. He enjoys a degree of freedom of speech which is allowed to no other subject, be his rank or station what it may; a freedom which increases in exact proportion to his abilities and fame. Hence it has been said, that 'in England men say what they like in newspapers, but that in Germany they say what they like in lectures.' Yet we must not mistake the very peculiar and anomalous position of the German professor, by supposing that his freedom rests on the same foundation as that of the subject of a free

* "In England, as has well been said, 'science, like virtue, is its own reward.'"

state. He only enjoys a *permitted* liberty; he has, properly speaking, no rights; he is an officer of government, and the same hand which placed him in his chair can remove him from it on the slightest and most unfounded pretext. According to the 'Decrees of Carlsbad,' every professor who misuses his legitimate influence over the minds of his pupils for the spreading of doctrines inimical to the public peace and order, and calculated to subvert the existing institutions of the state, shall, *notwithstanding any obstacle*, be removed from his post, and be incapable of holding any academical office in Germany. It is unnecessary to add, that in the majority of German states the sovereign and his ministers are the sole, irresponsible judges of what is inimical to public peace and order. Whence, then, we may ask, the striking difference between the position of the professor and the other officials of government?—since they are both creatures and dependents of an irresponsible power—and why is the former treated with so much more tenderness and consideration than the latter? The advantages and superiority which the professor enjoys arise principally from two sources—the natural scarcity of great men, and the active rivalry which exists among the universities of the different German states. The professor is not ex-officio a free man, any more than any other officer of government. If he be of a servile disposition, and seeks by piancy that advancement which he cannot command by merit, he has every opportunity of manifesting his mean propensities. But the man of genius is naturally free, and can only work in a state of freedom; the attempt to control him only renders him useless as well as unhappy. And the fact that he is an object of competition to the universities of the different states, whose prosperity often depends on the presence of one distinguished man, secures him that freedom. A great man cannot be 'made to order' even for a king; he must be taken on his own terms, and allowed to say many things which may not be very agreeable to royal and ministerial ears. Thus the distinguished men win freedom for their inferior brethren, by stepping giant-like over the boundaries which confine the many. The truth of these remarks has been a thousand times exemplified, and never more strikingly than in the case of Göttingen and the present King of Hanover. The richest jewel in his crown was the 'Georgia Augusta' University. The most distinguished men in Germany were ranked among its professors, who had been invariably treated with the greatest respect and liberality by the English sovereigns of Hanover and their vice-regents. But when King Ernest ascended the throne, he attempted to treat them like spiritless slaves; they protested, and he banished them. What was the consequence? Göttingen, once the pride and boast of Germany—the first of continental universities—is seldom mentioned now without a sigh over its fallen state; but the patriotic 'seven' have been received with welcome and honour in almost every part of Germany; and the wiser governors of Prussia and Württemberg adorn their colleges with the genius and learning which Göttingen has lost for ever. Dahlmann, at once the framer and chief defender of the constitution of Hanover, so far from having been crushed, either in his fortunes or his free spirit, by the tyranny of King Ernest, is now lecturing at Bonn with increased popularity and success, and we need hardly add, with equal freedom.

This state of things is illustrated by an interesting and somewhat detailed narrative of

the famous struggle between the King of Hanover and the seven professors of Göttingen. The latter portion of the volume contains a mass of statistical information relating to the German Universities, which cannot fail to be duly prized, but which we cannot transfer to our pages. Dr. Perry's book is at once concise and complete.

The Journal of the British Archeological Association. No. I. London, G. Bohn.

FROM the spirit and information displayed in every page of this Journal, and particularly from the value of the recorded transactions of the Central Committee, we can readily recognise the legitimate succession to the earlier publications of the Archaeological Association. From the latter division, leaving the other very interesting papers to speak for themselves to the subscribers and the public, we copy two notices of considerable antiquarian curiosity, which we have also the pleasure to illustrate by the woodcuts.

"Mr. Smith stated that the list of reverses of the coins presented only one new variety. It is the coin of Allectus: Obv. IMP. C. ALLECTVS. P. AVG. radiated head to the right. Rev. ICSTORY. GER. *Victoria Germanica*. In the exergue c. in the field s. r. A trophy, on each side of which is a seated captive bound, which, although common to coins of the period, has not before been noticed on those of this usurper. Doubts have been cast upon the historical importance of some of the coins of Carausius and Allectus, on the grounds of their seeming to be imitations of the types of the money of their predecessors; but many are altogether novel and appropriate, and there is every probability that the type now first published may have been struck to record an advantage gained over some of the German or Saxon pirates who at that period began to infest the British coast."



"It has been since remarked that a peculiar trefoil ornament, on the upper part of the cross at Kirk Michael, is identical with that on the reverse of the coins of Anlaf, king of Northumbria, figured in Ruding, plate 11, fig. 2; so that these crosses may be of the tenth century. They have all been engraved in Mr. Kinnebrook's 'Etchings of the Runic Monuments in the Isle of Man.'"



The Refuge of Lies. Pp. 20. London, J. Ollivier.

A BITTER pamphlet against the Romish Church, and written in the strongest language. It calls the declaration that the Bishop of Rome is a successor of St. Peter, "a sordid lie;" and from this the spirit and style of the rest may be sur-

mised. The world gets enlightened, at least so the world says of itself, and the schoolmaster has been abroad now some dozen, or twenty years; and yet polemic disputes rage as rancorously as they did in the dark ages—only abating the gallows and the faggot.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 2d.—Mr. Napier, "On the practice of electro-metallurgy," described the processes of electro-plating and electro-gilding, conducted in the manufactory. The principal points of practical novelty were the materials employed to obtain models and moulds for the deposition of the metal. Glue and treacle, in the proportion of twelve parts to three, are melted together and poured upon the original, however much undercut. When cold, the flexibility of this compound is such as to enable it to be taken off without the slightest injury, and with a perfect reverse copy of the model. Into or on this is poured a mixture of tallow, wax, and resin, in the proportions of 3, 1, and .05, which melts at a low temperature with the addition of half an ounce of a solution of phosphorus and sulphuret of carbon. This fac-simile of the original, impregnated with the sulphuret of carbon and phosphorus, readily reduces silver from the nitrate of silver, and on being dipped into a solution of the latter salt, receives upon it a film of the metal. Upon this coating copper is thrown down; the tallow, &c., is melted out, and the copper protected, silver, by the battery-action, is deposited to the required thickness. The copper is then removed by perchloride of iron, and the pure solid silver remains. For covering delicate vegetable structures, the use of the solution of the sulphuret of carbon and phosphorus, and immersion in weak nitrate of silver, is greatly advantageous.—Mr. Napier also stated that he had discovered a method of reducing copper direct from the ores by electricity, and that the operation seemed to subvert the received opinion of equivalent action, 12 and even 16 equivalents of copper being reduced to one of zinc consumed in the battery. Amongst several specimens of practical electro-metallurgy, Mr. Napier exhibited, a new material for roofing, covering railroad-carriages, &c.,—leather coated with copper, and therefore water-proof and fire-proof.

May 9th.—Mr. Cooper, "On the manufacture of wire-rope," introduced the subject to the meeting by some illustrations of the twists employed in the construction of hempen ropes, previously and subsequently to the improved method of Capt. Huddard. The durability of ropes in general, whether hempen or iron, was stated to depend upon the power of the manufacturer to construct them with little or no twist, as by the twist the seeds of destruction are sown. This is well known with respect to iron-wire, the readiest way of breaking it being to twist it. Mr. Cooper assured his audience that the wire-rope was constructed without any twist, being given to either of the wires composing the rope. This he endeavoured to prove, but, to us, at least, we must confess that he did not clearly or satisfactorily do so; for having stated, in illustration of the superiority of the wire over the hempen rope, that the loss sustained in the length after construction was only 5 per cent. (whereas the loss in the hempen rope was 30 per cent.), he only proved that the wire-rope was, by so much, better than the hempen rope, but not the absence of all twist in the wire-rope. The use of wire-rope was introduced to this country in 1840 by a Mr. Smith; it had been used in the mines in Germany for some years,

but it was of very imperfect construction. Mr. Smith has, by some very ingenious machinery, succeeded in producing it in its now more perfect form. There are, at present, more than forty miles of wire-rope in use in the county of Durham alone. The longest single rope being 3½ miles on the Blackwall railway, in regard to which Mr. Cooper stated, upon the authority of a letter from one of the directors, that although the original cost was greater, the saving in the wear and tear was so considerable that it more than compensated for the greater expense in the original outlay.

IMPERISHABLE WOVEN FABRICS.

The concluding sentence of the first of the above notices reminds us of improvements, to a similar end, in the manufacture of "imperishable cloth," patented by Capt. Cotter, who exhibited to us specimens of the cloth, and politely explained the mode of the preparation of the tissues, the condition of weaving, &c. The captain also obligingly took to pieces, for our instruction, a model of his exceedingly ingenious life-boat, portable and elastic, to be covered with the waterproof cloth. We, for the present, however, pass over the safety-boat with the comment only that nothing seems to have escaped the experience of the inventor, and that his various arrangements appear admirably adapted to the end in view. The patent cloth is made of hemp and wool, the warp of one and the weft of the other, or of similarly mixed materials, flax and cotton, flax and silk, &c.; but the principle of the invention is the saturation of the tissues previously to weaving, and the conditions of weaving. The fibres or threads are saturated with a compound of boiling linseed oil, raw white lead, powdered charcoal, litharge, and common salt, and are then worked in this saturated state at a uniform temperature of from 60 to 80 degrees Fahr.; the fabric is then passed through rollers for the purpose of hardening and flattening the surface of the coarser kinds, and afterwards dried in the open air. Specimens of the latter we examined, and were at once struck with its advantages over the ordinary tarpauling in all its varied uses. Of the properties of this cloth it was stated that it is not liable to injury from heat, rot, or mildew, and is capable of being made air-tight; it is exceedingly durable, resisting effectually the action of snow, sea-water, and every deleterious substance that affects the textures of other cloths or leather. The following are a few of its proposed appliances in the naval and merchant services, in military uses, and in the use of common life:—Covering life-boats, punts, and yachts, and sheathing of ships; coverings for the straps of blocks and eyes of rigging, for mast and rudder coats, water wash-deck buckets, and fire-buckets, aprons for great and small guns, and caps for the muzzles, instead of the common tampion; for hammock-cloths, covering shot-holes and plugs in action, boats stove-in, leaks, &c., in place of lead; for sailors and fishermen's boots and shoes; for ship and harbour buoys, and marking sunken rocks. Saturating sail-cloth and fishing nets, as a substitute for paint, for coating on both the inside and the outside of vessels of all sorts, especially iron steamers, as it never blisters. Pontoon, and soldiers' boots, shoes, gaiters, and knapsacks. For the hose of fire-engines and breweries, diving apparatus, canopies for tumbrils, carts, and waggons, coal-sacks, rick-cloths, verandahs, awnings, trunks, and trunk-covers; for hammer-cloths, horse-covers, girths and traces, farmers' and sportsmen's shoes and leggings, belts in the working

of mill and other machinery, &c. &c. This cloth is made of many different degrees of strength and thickness, the strongest cloth prepared for buffers of railway carriages, also for their coverings, especially those of the second and third classes.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

April 30th.—Sir I. L. Goldsmid, Bart., vice-president, in the chair. Mr. D. Davies's improved railway-carriage break, was the first subject brought before the meeting. It consists of a series of levers placed horizontally beneath the carriage, whose fulcra are attached to the framing; a shaft carrying a quick-threaded screw, and working in fixed bearings, furnished with a level wheel, connects it with a vertical shaft or handle; a nut travels on the screw, and is attached by connecting rods to two curved levers working diagonally upon the break-levers. There are two mortises in each of the diagonal or cross levers, through which the break-levers pass, and which are connected by a pin fixed at the extremity of one of each pair; the pin slides in a slit cut in an iron plate fixed at the extremity of the lever which is opposed to it, so that any motion communicated to the one is immediately transferred to the other. Springs fixed under the carriage keep the breaks from the wheels until required to be put into action.

—A drain-tile, submitted to the society by Mr. W. Moffat, was next described. The transverse section of this tile is nearly in the form of the letter H: the lower half being left open forms a channel for the water, while the upper half, whose sides are perforated, is filled with broken stone or burnt clay. The length of the tile is 14 inches, and the depth 8½ inches, the water-channel being 3 inches square.—The secretary read a paper by Mrs. T. Allom, "On the introduction of bees to New Zealand." The attention of the author of this paper was first drawn to the subject by hearing from her son of the high price of butter in that colony, for which article she conceived honey would form an excellent substitute. The danger of the bees being neglected on the voyage was urged by many of her friends as a reason why she should abandon her project. The opposition, however, with which she met rendered this lady more determined to endeavour to carry out a plan which appeared to her calculated to be of great service to the settlers. Accordingly she set to work to contrive a method of safely transporting her "tiny colony" to New Zealand. The construction of the hive was described. During the voyage the bees were taken care of by the Rev. Mr. Saxton and his family. After passing the Bay of Biscay, the bees were fed twice a week with two-thirds of honey and one-third of water. The whole arrived safely in the colony, and wax, the first produce of bees in New Zealand, has been presented by Mrs. Allom to the society.—Mr. Rotch, vice-president, described his collateral box-hive, the principal object of which is to secure the apiarian from the attacks of the bee.

May 7th.—Mr. G. Moore, V.P., in the chair. Mr. J. S. Russell described an upright drill, the invention of Mr. J. MacDowall, the novelty and advantage of which consist in the application of the power employed being in the direction of the axis of the drill, instead of at right angles, as in the ordinary drill.—Mr. Boulter described his improved compensation pendulum-spring, whereby he is enabled to regulate the pendulum without altering the adjustment, and vice versa. The pendulum is attached to a rod (of white deal) by means of a pivot passing through two small steel plates

let into the rod.—The secretary read a paper, by Mr. Dicksee, on the manufacture of his pressed glass mosaics, applicable alike for pavements, mural decorations, and furniture, several specimens of which were laid on the table. The mosaics may be produced of any colour. They may also be moulded into any required shape, while the glass is in a fused state, by means of a double-action screw-press. In order to prevent the surface of the mosaic being bloated and uneven, it is necessary that the pressure should be continued on a sufficient time, in order that the glass may harden before being removed from the mould.

Dr. Jarvis of Connecticut, U. S., explained to the meeting his "surgical adjuster;" the objects of which are, to reduce dislocations, to adjust all fractures, and preserve the fractured extremities in apposition during the process of reunion. This instrument affords the surgeon the power of twelve men, and is as perfectly at his command in performing any surgical operation for which it is intended, as are the movements of his own limbs; moreover, he can apply any amount of power that may be desirable, either rapidly or slowly, or relax instantly or gradually, as may be desirable; he can also perform his own extension and counter-extension on the limb which he reduces or adjusts, without the aid of an assistant, while at the same time he is enabled to feel the amount of power he is applying to the injured limb. The above are a few of the advantages of this humane machine, to the value of which Mr. B. Cooper and others bore testimony.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 12th.—Mr. R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair. Extracts were read from a paper by Mr. E. Masters, with remarks on the navigation of the Gulf of Mexico, with notes on Tampico, Tuspan, Vera Cruz, Anton Lizardo, Tabasco, &c., but which being chiefly filled with nautical details, does not admit of abridgment. A notice was then read on Grand Canary Island, from the pen of the eminent geologist, Baron Leopold von Buch, to illustrate a beautiful new map of Grand Canary, compiled by his countryman, Berghaus; from the copious materials furnished by M. von Buch during his former surveys of that island. According to M. von Buch, who was present, "Great Canary Island is of the greatest interest for the theory of volcanos, as few islands exhibit so distinctly the conformity between the shape of the coast and the central crater of elevation. This conformity, it is evident, is wholly opposed to the idea of the island being a fragment of the supposed submerged Atlantis. The whole is clearly an independent mass, raised up as we see it from the bed of the ocean. The central crater is not a crater of eruption, for in its interior there is neither scoria nor rapilli, nor lava currents; it is a crater of elevation of the most decided character, and which has never given rise to any volcanic phenomena, properly so called. The eruptions and lava-currents are found only on the north-east side of the island, and on the islets, which is almost wholly formed of the latter. Thus, Great Canary Island should be considered as a dependance of the great volcanic canal, which communicates with the atmosphere by the Peak of Teneriffe, the central volcano of the whole group of the Canaries." In commenting upon and explaining the great value of this and numerous previous communications of the author in establishing the intimate connexion that exists between geography and geology, the president, after a well-merited eulogy on the great services

rendered by M. A. von Buch to both sciences, congratulated the society on his reappearance in England after an absence of 26 years, and admitted him as one of its most distinguished foreign members, amid the warm greetings of all present.

On the table were laid some very curious specimens of Indian cloth manufactures, lately brought home from Timor, Celebes, &c. by Mr. Windsor Earl, who considered the state of the cloth manufactures in the different islands as a fair sample of the comparative civilisation of the people.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 14th. — Mr. Hutton in the chair. An extract was read from a letter by Dr. A. Geiser, concerning the red sandstone of Nova Scotia. A communication was read from Mr. Austin. On the coal-beds of Lower Normandy. Mr. Austin considered that the small basin of Le Plessis, and others in the district, were rather of the permian than the true carboniferous period. Dr. Martell then communicated some notes of a microscopical examination of the chalk and flint of the south-east of England, with remarks on the animalcules of certain tertiary and modern deposits. In the course of this paper the author offered some remarks: 1. On the organic composition of white chalk, and the infusoria contained in that bed. 2. On the organic structure and minute fossil bodies of chalk flints, chiefly with reference to the so-called *Xanthidium*, which are said not to be referable, as Ehrenberg supposes, to the recent *Xanthidium*. 3. On the animalcules of the tertiary strata of England, and the occurrence of living species of infusoria in the British seas identical with the miocene deposits of Virginia. The author concluded by suggesting that a much larger proportion of the sedimentary strata than has been generally supposed may have had an organic origin. A paper was read by Mr. Bowerbank. On some specimens of pterodactyl recently found in the lower chalk of Kent.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 5th. — The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. A collection of insects from Naples, and a framed portrait of Linnaeus, were presented by the president, who also exhibited a large antlion from the plains of Marathon. Captain Parry exhibited some new and curious exotic insects from New Holland and Brazil. Mr. S. Stevens described a new plan of setting the wings of moths for the cabinet: and Mr. Lamb presented a large and singular locust from New Zealand. There were read:—"An account of some experiments made upon insects with reference to their want of pain," by Mr. Boreham; and "Observations on the genus *Haloparce*, Curtis (*Calyptobium*, Villé)," by Mr. J. O. Westwood.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, May 10. — The following degrees were conferred: —

Bachelor in Civil Law. — T. Sparks, St. John's College.
Masters of Arts. — W. Milton, Exeter College; O. Crowe, Merion College; F. W. Garrett, Balliol College; *Bachelors of Arts*. — W. C. Bingley, R. W. Kingston, New Inn Hall; J. Milner, A. Tomba, H. Jacob, Michel exhibitioner; W. E. Barry, A. Taylor, J. C. Lowe, R. Green, scholar; G. W. Dixon, Queen's College; G. B. H. Somerset, T. Kekewich, H. M. Stanton, D. Robertson, Christ Church College; E. A. Freeman, scholar of Trinity College; C. G. Merewether, W. W. How, B. B. Edgar, Wadham College; P. B. Lincoln College; G. Smith, demy of Magdalen College; H. Pakenham, W. S. Hoole, Brasenose College; T. G. Layton, F. G. Ede, Pembroke College; J. H. Eld, fel-

low, C. Hartley, St. John's College; J. Henley, J. R. Milner, J. H. Bedford, Exeter College; P. C. Walsh, W. Heydon, G. W. White, University College; Hon. S. W. Lawley, M. F. P. Osborn, H. D. De Voeux, Balliol College; G. R. Mackarness, E. S. James, postmasters of Merion College; J. B. Huxley, A. Huxley, Worcester College.

Cambridge, May 9. — The following degrees were conferred: —
Bachelor of Divinity. — J. R. Hutchinson, St. John's College.
Masters of Arts. — The Hon. G. Denman, H. Mansfield, W. W. Newbold, Trinity College; W. B. Brett, E. W. Montagu, Corpus College; J. Penwick, R. Sutton, Corpus Christi College; T. Bennett, Queen's College; J. M. Ridley, Jesus College.
Bachelors of Laws. — J. Blencowe, Christ's College.
Bachelors of Arts. — O. B. Ewart, Trinity College; M. Manley, H. T. Veness, Queen's College; J. B. Vale, Emmanuel College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Mr. HALKAM, president, in the chair. On Thursday week Mr. Hamilton, V. P., read several letters from Mr. Moore, English consul at Beyrout, describing some very interesting Syrian antiquities recently discovered near Sidon, and now fortunately on their way to the British Museum. The first object particularised is a fine marble sarcophagus, on which is represented a combat with the Amazons, in very bold relief,—so bold that many of the figures are almost statues. It is remarked of this ancient production, that the right breasts of the Amazons are fully developed, and the left breasts depressed, contrary to the received tradition that they burnt or cut off the former. The weapons of the war are javelins and battle-axes; and the male combatants are partly naked and partly garbed. Centaurs and a date-tree are in the field, and also many animals, such as wolves, boars, &c. Mr. Moore states, that this sarcophagus belongs to the best period of Grecian art; that the heads are evidently portraits, with broader nostrils of Scythian character; and he mentions two figures in attitudes which seem to resemble the funeral allegory on the Portland vase. The Amazons wear caps like the Phrygian—are cruelly vanquished, and lying about in every position of killed and wounded. In the background are Nubian slaves holding horses.

Mr. M. thinks it probable that the battle is that in which the Athenians pursued and routed the Amazons; but is quite at a loss how to account for the transport of a work, which must have been wrought at an enormous expense, from Greece to Syria, or who could have been its owner. That it was brought from Greece is evident, from its being of Parian marble, and there being none of the kind in the country. The sarcophagus was surrounded by a strong brick wall; and there were three common tombs near it. It is, both from its execution and locality, a very remarkable antiquity.

A Phœnician seal, bought at Tyre, appeared, from the description of it, to be another very curious relic. It is of agate, and bears the legend—*Badritheno viro dñio, viro (dedito) Melantho Dyreleno*.

A lynx couchant in black granite, and another white marble sarcophagus, found at Beyrout, finished the list of these rare and novel acquisitions.

Mr. Hamilton then read the following paper on the ancient remains in Asia Minor, communicated by Mr. Jerdan:—

Travels in Asia Minor. By M. Philip Le Bas.

M. Philip Le Bas, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, was sent by M. Villemain, the minister of public instruction, on a scientific mission into Greece; but political events caused him to direct his re-

searches to the western provinces of Lesser Asia; and aware how much had been lost by the system hitherto too generally pursued by travellers, of hastening over large tracts of country, only stopping at the more celebrated sites, he wisely confined his explorations to a limited space, including more particularly Abretens in Mysia; Phrygia; Epictetens in Phrygia; and Meonia, the Katacedumene, and the valley of Sardis in Phrygia.

The first report of the results of these researches having appeared in No. 1 of the *Revue de Philologie, de Littérature et d'Histoire Anciennes*, I have thought it might be acceptable to present to the R.S.L. a brief notice of their character and scope. M. Le Bas passed by the steamer from Constantinople to Gümlik, whence he proceeded at once to Brusa. At this celebrated city he was fortunate enough to obtain nineteen inscriptions, of which the thirty-two were known, and these had not been correctly transcribed. This he says on the authority of Boeckh, who has published five inscriptions derived from the same place by previous travellers; and Mr. W. J. Hamilton's *Researches*, which have been published since, do not contain any copies of inscriptions from this place.

The first inscription described as known and published by Boeckh, after Turner, as No. 3718, is thus given by M. Le Bas:

Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΙΣ ΒΑΡΧΕΛΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΘΕΟΓΕΥΓΗΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΩΝ.

The differences between this reading and that given by Mr. Turner, M. Le Bas attributes to the difficulty of deciphering an inscription which is at a height of about 11 feet, and turned upside-down.

The second inscription is also to be found in the Corpus, as No. 3717, on the authority of Sestini and of Turner. M. Le Bas gives the following as the correct reading:

Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΙΣ ΒΑΡΧΕΛΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΘΕΟΓΕΥΓΗΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΩΝ.

M. Le Bas remarks upon both these inscriptions as attesting the democratic character of the constitution at Brusa; for if (he says) that constitution had been modelled upon that of Rome or of the generality of Grecian cities, the decisions which confer honours on certain citizens would have emanated from the senate and then from the people, and instead of Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ we should have ΗΒΟΤΑΗΚΑΙΟΔΗΜΟΣ.

The report does not contain copies of the other seventeen inscriptions. One of them is said to make known the existence of an Antiochian tribe in the time of the emperors; the distinguished names of Licinius Pollion, of Veturia, and of Capitoni are met with on others. Another refers to the mysteries of Dous Iunus, and another appears to have discovered the tomb of several martyrs. One of the inscriptions was found on a military column belonging to the time of Gordian, and which is said to occupy its original position, at Tapahjik, a Greek village five miles (M P) north-west of Brusa. Two out of the seventeen were Latin inscriptions.

Cius.—From Brusa M. Le Bas returned to Gümlik, which he identifies with Cius ad Mare; but of the twenty inscriptions recorded in the Corpus as belonging to that place, M. Le Bas

only found three, being Nos. 3741, 3787, and 3788; at Güm-like. He was, however, happy in finding twenty-seven new ones, of which two contain the name of the Ciansians.

One of these inscriptions attested to the relations existing between Cius and Athens at the time of the supremacy of the latter. From another, M. Le Bas deduces that the custom of having busts of statues sculptured in honour of citizens who had distinguished themselves by a just administration, became an abuse; for it would appear that one magistrate received as many as four statues and three busts, besides a marble medalion. Another inscription notices a magistrate having the title of Bithyniarch. Others of the inscriptions are funerary; but they present (says M. Le Bas) a certain philological interest, inasmuch as they add to the proofs already existing, that the pronunciation of the Greeks during the first three ages of our era was precisely the same as it is in the present day.

Among these twenty-seven new inscriptions there occur three metrical ones, which M. Le Bas declares worthy of being added to the Greek anthology. The following epitaph is given as an example:

ΕΠΙΚΤΟΜΟΡΟ Ι ΟΙΟΝΑΣΚΑΗΠΙΟΑΤΟΥ
ΠΑΤΗΡΟΝΤΟΧΟΛΕΝΕΤΕΡΚΗΤΑΦΟΝ
ΚΑΙΣΤΕΝΟΙΚΗΤΗ. ΤΗΛΙΔΟΞΑΝΘΕΣΗΜΑΤΙ
ΕΘΗΚΕΒΟΜΟΝΙΕΝΤΑΥΤΟΥΣΤΕΙΚΟΤΕΚΝΟΤ
ΚΕΝΗΟΝΕΙΟΝΟΜΑΤΑΝΧΑΡΑΛΑΤΟ
ΤΗΝΙΑΣΑΝΕΙΟΝΕΠΑΙΔΑΝΚΡΥΤΥΣΑΧΑΡΑΝ
ΜΗΤΗΡΑΕΝΟΙΚΟΙΣΤΑΤΑΑΙΝΑΟΔΥΡΕΤΑΙ
ΝΙΚΩΣΑΡΦΗΝΟΙΣΤΕΝΟΜΗΝΑΗΔΟΝΑ

"Επ' ἀκούροισ [φ]ίλοις ἄν' Ἀσκληπιοδότου
Πατὴρ Νήτορ χάριν εὐερέει τάφον,
καὶ εὐνοῖαν ἀνέκ' οὗ καὶδὸς ἐν σφύρατι
θεῶν βαλὼν, περὶ αἰῶνος ἔειπε τέκνον,
μήτερ δ' ἐν οἴκῳ, ἃ τὰκάρνα, δόδρεται
νικῶσ' ἀρφέας πρὸς ἡμῶν ἀφ' ὧν."

The use of the Doric dialect in the second word of the title and in the sixth verse of this epitaph is calculated, says M. Le Bas, to excite surprise. The name of Asclepiodotes, which is also met with on other inscriptions at Cius, confirms the fact already revealed by numismatics of the worship of Esculapius in this city. The name of his father, Νήτορ, is not without example, as in Nos. 1241 and 1249 of the Corpus. M. Le Bas makes no mention from these inscriptions of the various etymologies of Cius, which was called Κίω by Zosimus (i. cap. xxxv.), and Κίον by Mela and Pliny, and which appears also to have been the Prusias or Prusien-sium, ad Mare, as distinguished from Prusa ad Olympum (Brusa), and Prusa ad Hyrium (Üsküb). It is to be observed, that Mr. W. J. Hamilton suggested the identity of Cius and of a place now called Siyi or Gii, a Greek village westward of Mühalitsh.

Mühalitsh.—From Güm-like M. Le Bas repaired to Mühalitsh, the site of ancient Mylaea, afterwards the Bithynian Apamea. Of the six inscriptions contained in the Corpus, M. Le Bas only found one, No. 3714. He discovered, however, sixteen new ones, but almost all funerary, and five of them in the Latin language.

* Which may be thus translated:
"On the violent death of Asclepiodotes, too early snatched away."

"His Father Nectus raised this well-secured tomb, and placed a carved monument over the sepulchre of his lamented boy, with a statue of the five-year old child, as poor gratification to his (father's) eyes!—he was pierced to the quick, having buried in the earth the whole joy of his hopes. But his Mother—she, the wretched, weeps at home, in her lamentations out-doing the legendary nightingale."

Mr. W. J. Hamilton does not record any inscriptions from this site, which he visited on two different occasions.

Church of St. Constantine.—On the road from Mühalitsh to Mühalitsh, M. Le Bas traversed the Rhyndacus not far from the ruins of a stone bridge of which Anna Comnena makes mention (vol. i. p. 321, ed. Bonn); and upon which, M. Le Bas says there existed a church dedicated to St. Constantine erected by (Saint) Helena, and which bore the name of both mother and son. It is to be observed, however, that the existence of a church upon a bridge appears to be a very doubtful version. Mr. W. J. Hamilton reads Anna Comnena as saying that the Turks had taken possession of the mouth of the river and of the bridge near a church built by the Empress Helena (*Hist. of Alexius*, lib. vi. c. 12, quoted by him, vol. ii. p. 91). And he identifies the church in question with the ruins called Kiz Khan, or the maiden caravanserai, which is situate not far from the exit of the Rhyndacus out of the lake of Apollonia.

Mühalitsh.—Arrived at Mühalitsh, M. Le Bas says, Does this place occupy the site of an ancient town? and if so, what was the name of this town? Here are two questions which, as far as I know, have not been hitherto examined. Certain it is that Mr. W. J. Hamilton's researches in this quarter did not go further than to establish that Mühalitsh was not, as supposed by Pococke, the site of Apollonia ad Rhyndacum; and this was effecting an important step. M. Le Bas goes further, and identifies Mühalitsh with the site of Ancyra Abasitidis, from a passage in Strabo (p. 429, ed. Coray, xii. p. 395), in which the Amasiyan geographer alludes to the position of that city near the confluence of the Macestus with the Rhyndacus. (See also Cellarius, p. 48.)

M. Le Bas, by this identification, not only distinguishes the Ancyra of Abasitidis from the Ancyra of Phrygia, with which it had been confounded by M. Hoffmann in his *Griechenland und die Griechen in Alterthum*, and by M. Pape in his *Wörterbuch der griechischen Eigennamen*, (and also by Cellarius in his *Notitia Orbis Antiqui*, p. 146),—but he is further induced to believe that the medals hitherto attributed to the Phrygian Ancyra belong to Ancyra Abasitidis.

M. Le Bas obtained eight inscriptions at this spot. One relates to a vow made to Bacchus, whose name is accompanied by an epithet which he believes to be derived from ἄρτυς (the etymology used by Hesychius for the Phrygian Atys). This inscription occurs on a bas-relief which represents a procession of four persons, accompanied by a child and a young slave, leading a lamb to the altar; close by which is a figure larger than nature, in the attitude of a sacrificer.

Another inscription was found beneath a bas-relief which represented to the right a statue of Jupiter, the sceptre in his right hand, the thunder in his left, and the eagle at his feet; to the left is a Hermes, with his back turned, probably that of Μην Deus Lunus; and beneath these figures is a fire-altar, and figure in the act of supplication. Below the whole is the following inscription:

ΤΙΒΕΡΙΟΚΑΛΑΥΤΙΟΥ
ΚΥΝΤΡΟΦΟΥ
ΤΥΓΚΟΚΑΤΗΠΙΤΑ
ΤΗΝΕΚΤΟΙΛΙ
ΔΑΝΕΗΚΗΝ
ΕΡΩΝΤΑΙΩ

Τιβέριος Καλαύτιος Κύντροφος δι' ἐπίσταρ καὶ δικταγὴν ἐκ τῆς ἰδίας ἀνέθηκεν Βρονταίω.

M. Le Bas remarks, that the image of Μην has been before found by Kiepert in Maonia, associated with that of Jupiter; and the worship of this divinity at Ancyra Abasitidis is attested by medals and by this inscription:

ΜΗΝΟΔΡΟΤ
ΜΕΛΙΟΤΧΑΙΡΕ

Ulubad.—From Mühalitsh, M. Le Bas directed his steps to Lopadium, at the exit of the Rhyndacus from the lake of Apollonia. He calls the modern site Loupad; Mr. W. J. Hamilton writes it Ulubad, which is more consonant with the genius of the Turkish language. The antiquities of this place having been described by Tournefort, M. Le Bas passes them over briefly, adding that he copied more carefully than had been heretofore done the three inscriptions already described, without finding any new ones. Mr. W. J. Hamilton made a fruitless search after these inscriptions; but that traveller identifies a deep stream which flows past the southern walls of the fortress into the Rhyndacus with the river of Coryceus, on the banks of which the Emperor Alexius encamped after crossing the bridge of Lopadium.

Abullionte.—From Lopadium, M. Le Bas took a boat across the lake to the town of Abullionte, situated on an island, which is connected with the mainland by a wooden bridge of simple and light construction, and carried in a winding direction. M. Le Bas discusses at length the identity of this site with that of Apollonia supra Rhyndacum; but this was scarcely necessary, as it not only resulted from the inscription found there by Seftini (No. 3705 of the Corpus); but it had also been satisfactorily established by Mr. W. J. Hamilton (*Res. vol. ii. p. 87, et seq.*).

M. Le Bas recognised in the construction of the walls the three distinct eras of the Greeks, Romans, and Byzantines. He attributes to the latter epoch the square tower which Mr. W. J. Hamilton describes as belonging to the modern fortifications, and in which several blocks of marble fragments of the entablature or architrave of an ancient edifice, and containing an inscription, have been regularly inserted. Mr. W. J. Hamilton copied this inscription as follows:

ΙΣΑΠΤΡΑΙΑΝΟ . ΑΤ . ΣΤΟΣΕΟΣ ΣΕΒΟΥΝΕ
ΤΗΠΙ ΔΕΙΚΑ
1. ΙΣΑΠΤΡΑΙ
2. ΑΝΟΣ . ΑΤ
3. ΣΤΟΣΕΟΤ
4. ΟΣΕΒΟΥΝΕ
5. ΤΗΠΙΔΕΙΚΑ

And he restores the whole inscription as follows:

[ΙΣΑΠΤΡΑΙΑΝΟ] ΙΣΑΠΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΣ ΑΝΟΣ ΑΝΟΣ
[ΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡ] ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΣ [ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΥ] ΤΟΣΕΟΤ
[ΤΟΤΑΤΙΟΝ] ΤΗΝ ΣΤΟΝΑΝΟΛΑΝΙΑΤ
[ΟΝ] ΤΗΠΙΔΕΙΚΑ [ΤΕΣΚΕΤΑΞΕΝ] ΑΝΑΤΤΑ

[Π. Αίλιος Καίσαρ Τραϊανός, Ἀδριανός, Αὐτοκράτωρ, Σεβαστός, θεοῦ [Τραϊανῶν] υἱός, θεοῦ Νε[ρού]αν υἱόν τῆν στοῶν Ἀπολλωνιάδων] τῇ πόλει καὶ τεσκεύασεν].

M. Le Bas deduces from the inscription thus restored, that it belonged to a rectangular portico, erected by the emperor Hadrian, after the fashion of that of Philip at Delos; and he notices in corroboration of this, that he found an inscription in the yard of a Turk's house, referring to a statue which had been raised, by a decision of the people, to a person whose name is effaced, but who is qualified as Caesar, son of Augustus, and who therefore was most probably Caelius Verus.

M. Le Bas also notices at Apollonia the site of a theatre, indicated by a few steps and the circular disposition of the soil, and of a stadium. He also discovered in the yard of a Greek's house, Kyriako Papadapoulo by name, a fragment of sculpture which represented a head of Apollo radiated above an *εγκραπών*. In the same yard he found an altar with the following inscription:

ΙΟΤΑΙΑΙΟΝ
ΚΑΡΗΛΙΟΙΣ
ΧΑΛΠΕΙΝ

The verb *καίω*, he remarks, is wanting in the lexicons. Perhaps, he says, *καίω* was intended. However this may be, M. Le Bas deduces from the altar and inscription, that the temple of Apollo occupied the site of the house and garden of Kyriako. He does not notice the other inscriptions obtained by Mr. W. J. Hamilton, the one from the wall of a vineyard among the ruins on the mainland, and the other from the garden of the church.

M. Le Bas notices the ruins on the little island of Kizadā or "of the maiden," and which have been previously described by Mr. Hamilton, as the most remarkable monument at or near Apollonia. His description is like that of the English traveller, of a wall of very ancient masonry, built of large blocks of marble, and topped with a large projecting coping-stone. Both travellers agree in considering it to be a terrace on which stood a temple "of Hellenic," says Mr. W. J. Hamilton, "rather than Roman origin," but while the latter supposes it to have been dedicated to Apollo, M. Le Bas considers it as the site of a temple to the Sun, from the circumstance that he found the rings previously noticed by Mr. W. J. Hamilton, and to which the boats or galleys were moored, to be distributed at three different elevations, one of which corresponds, even in the present day, to the lowest level of the lake, and the upper row to the highest level; indicating that the festivals held at this temple were reproduced at different periods of the year, and corresponded probably to the two solstices.

M. Le Bas also found upon the north wall of the ruin the name, as he supposes, of the architect or founder:

ΜΕΛΑΙΟΥΡΟΚΕΔΩΝ
Melaiou Rokedow.

And he is led to deduce from the form of the letters in this inscription, that the monument does not date beyond the first years of the third age of our era; but this deduction is so much opposed to the general character of the monument, and its particular architecture, consisting of large blocks laid perfectly horizontal, with somewhat irregular joints, occasionally pointed and dovetailed together, that it would appear almost doubtful if this may not be an inscription posterior to the foundation of a temple dedicated to a worship which most probably antedated that of Apollo, and gave to this site its sanctity in after-times.

On Tuesday, Archdeacon Robinson in the chair,

Dr. Yates, the hon. secretary, read a letter from Major Rawlinson, British Consul at Bagdad, signifying his wish to join the society as a non-resident member and correspondent, and informing the society of his progress towards the interpretation of the cuneiform characters. Mr. T. Wright then read the concluding portion of his paper on the history of Christianity

among the Arabs before the days of Mohammed. This portion treated of the progress of Christianity among the Arabs of Ghassan and Hira, of the transactions between the Romans and the Southern Arabs and Ethiopians, and of the religious dissensions which led to the final estrangement of the Arabs from the Romans, and paved the way for the establishment of Mohammedanism. The dissensions between the two sects of the Monophysites or Eutychians and the Melchites held a prominent place in this part of the history. The reading of the paper was followed by interesting observations from Archdeacon Robinson, and Messrs. Sharpe, Johnston, Plate, &c. Mr. Johnston described the two religious parties as still existing in Abyssinia, one or the other gaining the upper hand of its opponent, according to the opinions of the monarch who happens to be reigning at the time.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; United Service Institute, 9 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée), 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical (anniversary meeting), 11 A.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture), 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Philological (anniversary meeting), 7 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversation), 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Linnean (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 15. "River Scene." J. J. Chalon, R.A.—Is a Vandermere-looking picture, very softly and sweetly coloured; and 196, another landscape by the same, and both good specimens of his pencil.

Nos. 50 and 77. "Whalers." J. B. W. Turner, R.A.—For whom, see also 117, 162, 396, 422, four Venetian scenes from a ms. entitled "Fallacies of Hope." It is whispered that Mr. Turner does not mean to exhibit any of his productions after this season; a resolution which, if persevered in, will make a great blank on these walls, and prove another of the "Fallacies of Hope," which we presume is a poem by the hand of the painter. To discuss this artist's style again, would be absurd in our pages, which have so often treated of his powers and his peculiarities, his wonderful execution and his extraordinary extravagance. His scale of colour has never, as far as we know, been approached by any other man; and however wild it may be, it must still be felt that it is a development of elements essential in nature, though it is an attempt to represent nature carried far above her usual aspects. We do not think any one but himself could have painted that phantom-ship, which, in compliment to an enormous fish (which might have entombed Jonah in a high-vaulted interior), he has called a "Whaler." It is a vision and unreality; but the handling of the tints, and their harmony, allowing for the exalted pitch of their prismatic brightness, are astonishing. Splintered rainbows thrown against the canvass is a better comparison than the deteriorating one of lobster-sauce, which some crusty critic has applied as an accompaniment to the Leviathan. There are atmospheric effects of magical talent; but after all, we would rather possess one of Mr. Turner's earlier works, when he did not think of subliming truth, than three of the most brilliant of these imaginations, created with all his mastery of art.

No. 16. "The Parting of Sir Thomas More from his Daughter." S. A. Hart, R.A.—This is a fine picture, but not a great one. There is a feebleness in the character of the doomed Ex-chancellor, which should have contrasted more decidedly with the feminine delicacy and feeling of his afflicted child. The guards, &c., are well grouped and discriminated, their various emotions being skilfully portrayed. In 167, an Italian offering to the Virgin, 197, a church interior, and 355, one of the Propaganda, Mr. Hart has displayed variety of talent; but his most original and chief effort is No. 46, "Simchath Torah, the festival of the law." It is a Jewish ceremony, in which the Pentateuch is read. Here the tabernacle, the richly decorated *mess*, and the rabbis engaged in chanting the worship of the day, are disposed in a very able manner, the countenances forcibly expressed, and the general tone of the composition pleasing to the eye. The subject also is at once curious and pictorial, and the skill of the artist has made it a standard performance of his class.

No. 87. "Peter the Great teaching his subjects the art of ship-building." Sir W. Allan, R.A.—This is not one of Sir William's happiest essays, nor indeed his happiest year. There is nothing striking in the treatment of this imperial lesson; and of the figures we could only point at one or two as displaying the acknowledged powers of the painter. No. 304, "Nelson boarding the San Nicolas at the battle of St. Vincent," is a gigantic attempt to pair the land-victory of last exhibition by a glorious naval exploit. It is not in the artist's usual style—the style in which none can excel him; and he certainly does not shew himself master either of the ocean or of the vessels upon its breast. There is no motion. The ships seem to be studied from dock-yards or engravings; the sea to be unqualified. In other respects, in the figures and many of the groups there are some admirable passages which prove what Sir W. can accomplish with subjects suited to his taste and genius.

No. 92. "Peasants bringing fruit to Naples." T. Uwins, R.A.—Charmingly costumed, beautifully grouped, and glowing with colour, this is one of the sweetest things Mr. Uwins has exhibited for years; in his very best manner, and as pleasing a theme as could furnish matter for the painter. We are sorry it is his only specimen.

No. 131. "The Heiress." C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Finished with the utmost care of a cabinet-picture, the Heiress is a perfect example of the artist. There is a good deal of Hogarth in his style; and No. 149, a scene from Molière, reminds us still more strongly of that eminent painter.

No. 126. "Undercliffe, Isle of Wight." W. Collins, R.A.—A sweet landscape, executed with much freedom, and its prominent features touched with equal firmness and delicacy. 188, "Cromer Sands," of a different kind, but not less truthfully copied. 200, "Fetching the Doctor," is an exceedingly clever and amusing piece. The messenger and the drowsy and deaf practitioner are full of whimsical character; and the hurried accessories belonging to the one are well contrasted with the residence and the repose (thus broken in upon) which ought to belong to the other. It will be a capital engraving. 246, "Prawa-Fishing," and 344, "Antonio," are other agreeable instances of Mr. Collins' abilities; and we are not sorry that he has, in some degree, returned more to his own delightful manner than was apparent after Italy had exercised its influence on his eye and mind.

Nos. 194, 239. Two portraits by Comte D'Orsay. — Extremely good likenesses, and painted with more of professional than amateur skill. There is a taste and feeling in Comte D'Orsay's pallet which are evident in all he does. Ease is the consequence of the one, and concord in colour, and natural expression, of the other. There is no constraint; but the individuals look as they look in life.

No. 179, from Anne of Geierstein; 219, from Thalaba. H. Howard, R.A. — Mr. Howard has chosen poetical incidents for his pencil this year; these people view with different ideas.

No. 128, "The Favour." J. W. Wright. — Ladies are decorating their knights for a tournament, and Mr. Wright has thrown great spirit into the act. As a painting, the "Favour" might take its place among some of the foremost and most careful of the Dutch or Flemish school.

No. 272. "The Wood-Nymph's Hymn to the Rising Sun." F. Danby. — One of the artist's choice subjects, in which the dark-brown sombre foreground leads the sight to the distant sky, with its broad horizontal streaks of purple, ruby, azure, and light. There is much grandeur in these representations, and a depth of tone which indicates a depth of feeling for these impressive appearances. The solemnity of the whole fixes one in reflection or meditation before the canvass.

No. 275. "The Eve of the Battle of Edgehill." C. Landseer, R.A. elect. — One of the few contributions to the gallery of a superior historical order, and one also of the best of the artist's works in this honourable line of art. The most prominent group consists of King Charles, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Lindsey, and other distinguished officers, who are consulting with his Majesty on the approaching fight. They are excellently disposed, and traditional resemblances; and the picturesque and artistical is superadded by the introduction of the royal standard; whilst the young princes on the left give a different interest to the sterner scene of preparation for unnatural civil war. 130 and 150 are very clever bits of still life, richly painted by the same; and 144, "A Greek Girl," another agreeable subject—all doing credit to the recent election of the artist.

No. 199, "Highland Courtship." A. Cooper. — Master Cooper, the Scotch lasses do not go quite so naked as that; and you should not play Etty among them. Nevertheless, this is a nice picture. The flesh-colour unexceptionable, and the attitudes, expression, and surrounding objects, all of a consistency. 201, a scene in Belgium, by the same, is finely animated, and a capital composition. 241, an old Hunter, is a perfect portrait; and 444, Little Wonder winning the Derby, an exact transcript of the event of that famous race. Unfortunates who may be unable to visit the Downs on the 28th, may console themselves by paying a shilling here, and witnessing the former contest, the stand, and the crowd, realised by Mr. Cooper.

No. 456. Dogs, &c., by E. Verboekhoven, a Brussels artist, and as far as we can judge of his performance, hung close to the ceiling, worthy—not simply out of courtesy to a foreigner, but out of justice to what he has done—of a much better place in the exhibition. To us it appears as if there was much of the merit of Snyders in the animals here depicted; and we are sorry to see them where they are, and (excuse the bull) cannot be seen.

Scenery and Reminiscences of Ceylon. By L. Deschamps, Esq. London, Ackerman & Co. This work gives the liveliest possible idea of all the characteristics of the fine and interesting island to the illustration of which it is devoted. We have the natural scenery of every kind, the natives in their various costumes, the remains of ancient and the forms of modern edifices, the intermixture of Europeans, and, in short, the country represented in a strikingly correct and artistical manner. M. Deschamps, as an artillery-officer, during a nine-year's service, had plentiful opportunities to make his drawings and write his descriptive notes, and he has availed himself of them to produce a very instructive and pleasing volume. The history of Ceylon, or Taprobane, is concisely given, from days of yore when Alexander the Great flourished, to the final conquest by Britain in 1815-7, when the sons of heroes, who were then barbarians unknown to the rest of the world, lived in caves and dens. This is followed by twelve views, the local history of which leads to farther accounts of existing circumstances worthy of general notice. Well may the author designate this magnificent island as "lovely," for his lithographs amply bear out the encomium; and as we look upon its diversified natural features of mountain and plain, and land and water, and its picturesque dress and oriental temples and palaces, we acknowledge the full force and justice of the term.

The fort of Colombo is the first plate, and other fortifications are also pictured. Adam's famous Peak affords several striking landscapes; and the cultivation of rice and cinnamon is not only shewn in practice, but explained with much practical intelligence in the letter-press. The Ferry House at Pantura is particularly an aboriginal scene—it looks as if the East never changed; but the catching of elephants and other representations of "things as they are," shew that a mighty change has taken place, that greater changes are rapidly in progress, and that Europe will soon be transferred to Asia—by and by to Africa.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF TALE-BEARING!

A Recollection of Thomas Hood.

THE sad reminiscences which mingle with the memory of Thomas Hood seem to us to belong to and form a portion of his living nature; there is a dash of whim mingled with even the most serious reflections and melancholy regrets.

In our last *Literary Gazette* we alluded to what he said in explaining his religious sentiments, and relating to a mutual friend, Mrs. E——. In the residence of that lady, whose husband was one of Hood's warmest friends, he was frequently domiciled; and, as was the usual consequence of his pleasantries, the especial favourite of the juvenile branches of the family; with whom something very like the following story occurred.

Hood was sitting at the back parlour-window on a fine autumnal evening, looking out upon the grounds, consisting of shrubbery, paddock, and meadow beyond. He was surrounded and climbed over by his young playmates, who were clamorous for "another tale!" "Well," said Hood, "what shall it be about?" "Why, about the cow!" replied one of his auditors, seeing that useful animal by the gate, looking wistfully into the inner paddock. "Very well, the cow be it," answered Hood; and the tale, invented on the spur of the moment, ran somewhat thus:

Once upon a time, do you observe, the cow got tired of being alone in the meadow, though the grass was fresh and sweet, and she had nothing to do but to feed and ruminate in a happy peaceful manner; and to yield, which was a great relief and pleasure to her, a pail of milk every night and morning for the children's suppers and breakfasts—and a little cream skimmed off for mamma's tea. But she was not, as I have informed you, quite contented with her lot; for she longed to have a run in master's own little paddock, which was closer mown and nearer the house, almost in company with the family. So she watched her opportunity, just as Crumney is doing now (look at her!); and when there was a breeze of wind, which shook the latch, she pushed the gate open with her head, and marched in. But, alas, she was not quick enough; and just as she was scudding through, the wind blew the gate to with a bang, caught the poor cow's tail, and fairly knocked it off by the very root. "Oh," cried the cow, "this is getting into master's pretty paddock indeed; how can I shew myself—what can I do? I am desperately ashamed to be seen anywhere, but particularly in the master's nice paddock, without a tail." So she gazed about and about in great perplexity; till at last she noticed the pump and water-trough in the corner yonder. "Ah," said she, "I think I can manage it—this will do!" So she went and broke off the pump-handle, and stuck it on behind her for a tail; after which she set to looking at herself in the trough (the water being as clear as a glass, and never muddied nor splashed about by the children), to observe how it fitted her. Now, whilst she was absorbed in this contemplation, Betty, the housemaid, who was scouring the steps and stone area, walked up to the pump to draw some water, and being heedless, or thinking perhaps of something else (for there was a blackbird, or a thrush, or she could not tell what, stirring in the hedge), she caught hold of the pump-handle and began pumping away with all her might. You may readily suppose that this action was extremely disagreeable to the cow; and she immediately resented the assault by kicking up her heels much higher than her horns, and galloping off like mad—leaving Betty with the handle in her hand, her pail upset, and herself screaming with the fright, from which it was a good while before she recovered.

In the mean time, the cow came to a standstill, and began ruminating again what she should do for a tail. All at once she beheld, at the area-door, the broom with which Betty had been scrubbing the stone. "Aha!" said she, "this is the very thing! There is a fine whisk for the flies; and won't I look like Jupiter or Europa, when I have got such a handsome new broom for a tail?" So she snatched it up, and fastened it on. But at that exact moment, Betty returned from the pump in a terrible pet at having been served as she had been by the fling of the cow; and when she saw that the creature had made free with her broom too, she fell into a desperate passion, and tore it from her flank, to lay it about her back and shoulders without mercy. The poor cow was again obliged to take to flight, and ran away from the broomstick as fast as her legs would carry her. "Upon my word," she said, "this getting up a tail is not so easy a job. I wonder what I shall do next to be able to appear respectably and genteelly in my master's best paddock?" Well, as so happened that her master just then returned from a day's shooting, with a leash of partridges, a hare, two rabbits, a snipe, and a land-rail in his game-bag. He threw them

down proudly enough, for it was seldom he killed half so many, and let his gun up in the corner for John to carry away and clean. "Now," thought the cow, "if I could but shriek on that beautiful gun for a tail, wouldn't it astonish the natives? Look at all that shining steel, and brass, and silver; at that polished stock for a sweep at the end, and at those pretty little ornaments at the bottom of the barrel. Ah! that would set the fashion, or nothing would." So she took advantage of John's back being turned for an instant to pick up the bag, and, hastily snapping up the piece, she stuck it on her behind, and rushed into the shrubbery, on her road into the paddock again. Vain as a peacock, she swung her tail from side to side, and gave a moan of unlimited satisfaction. But woe's me! there is no finery in this world which does not bring some care with it, especially if we are very vain of it. As the gun took a swing on one side, it struck into one of the prickly shrubs (which Georgy would not touch, though it were full of gooseberries), and a branch unfortunately caught and pulled the trigger. Bang went the gun, and sent every drop of the shot, and the burning powder with it, into the poor cow's buttock. And then, what did she do or say? "By Jove!" roared out the cow; "but I have peppered my steak at last."

[Such was the playful invention of Thomas Hood, and the good humour with which he enjoyed the effects of his moving tale on his young auditory. We would be bound to assert, that their applause gave him as much pleasure as the panegyrics upon his happiest efforts by all the critics in the empire. At any rate, we have repeated the story to the best of our abilities; and have only to point its moral against the dangerous consequences of tale-bearing. The indomitable pleasantry, reminding us of Sir Thomas More, which remained with our friend to the last, was marked, alas! in the last letter we received from him. We had written of a severe illness; and the answer was, "I am sorry to hear of your dangerous attack, and rejoice that it is passed; as for me, I have been so near Death's door, since I saw you, that I heard the creaking of the hinges." W. JENKINS.]

Vauxhall Gardens renewed their existence on Monday evening, with a profusion of lights, and the orchestra reconstructed in a suitable and showy style. The night was rather raw, and the company, though tolerably numerous, very far from select. Indeed, the mixture in the crowds where there were sight-seers exhibited not a few of the class from whose contact or neighbourhood the best maxim to steer by is, "Keep at a distance." Independently of this, which may readily be remedied by a less promiscuous admission, there was another nuisance, not so likely to be abated, and which must banish all respectable persons, and especially females, from the gardens. Four out of every five "snobs" in the grounds kept continually smoking cigars and pipes, most of them of the vilest effluvia. Turn where you would, these gentry vomited the offence in your face with all the intemperance of English vulgarity and disregard of others, accompanying the act with a spitting, rather dexterously performed when the saliva did not alight on some dress or another. The long petticoats, now carried to an extreme of fashion by the lower orders, seemed to be peculiarly adapted for spittoons, and were no doubt found, on home-examination, to have been extensively used. A printed placard, on

several walls, appealed to "the gallantry of gentlemen" not to indulge in this filthy practice in a place of resort set apart for fresco entertainments, mostly in the open air; but either the managers paid no farther heed to the matter, or there were no gentlemen there to take the hint; and so the whole space attained the pleasing atmosphere of a divan or pot-house. We are certain, if this annoyance is not put down, Vauxhall need never expect aught of decent society to invade its precincts. This, too, may be a pity; for the proprietors appear to have been anxious to produce what might be an occasional and amusing lounge. A clever clown in a ballet, a Chinese temple, an Italian villa and volcanic eruption, the instrumental and vocal music, and the fire-works, are all commendable efforts in their way; and if visitors of a better order were not contaminated and poisoned off in the manner we have mentioned, success might enable the lessee to improve upon all his entertainments and attractions, and prosper accordingly.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Tuesday the opera of *Il Pirata* was produced the first time these six years. This work, one of the earliest of Bellini's efforts, although it contains here and there some graceful and pleasing melody, is nevertheless uneven as a whole; the general quality of composition throughout is not superior, neither is it at all to be compared with the author's late operas. As a melodrama it is also rather indistinct in the making out of the incidents, though on this occasion Grisi, Mario, and Fornasari exerted themselves much to make it more successful than usual, both as to music and acting. Indeed, we can perceive that Mario is paying greater attention to expression and feeling, which will render his performance far more interesting: "Tu vedrai," the song in which Rubini delighted the audience, went off tamely, though well sung; we thought the interpretation of it by Mario was not quite in the best manner.

Drury Lane.—Balle's opera, the *Enchantress*, was performed for the first time on Wednesday evening, after being announced for the previous Monday. If we say that this new work is an average specimen of the composer's pleasing music, and of the manager's experienced putting on the stage, it gives a general idea of it. The libretto is a joint production of M. St. George and Mr. Bonn, and is not more remarkable than others from the same source for poetry and rhythm. To make the plot intelligible would occupy too much of our columns. *Sylvio*, the infant heir to the throne of Sicily, is smuggled away, at the order of the Regent, to be murdered; but instead of this, he is preserved by an old doctor in the Abruzzi mountains. Here the *Enchantress*, Thillon, who is in a somewhat similar position with a band of pirates, falls in love with him. She contrives to persuade him that she can accomplish whatever he wishes; and having enticed him into a grotto, is supposed to entrance his senses. Knowing the secret of his birth, she shows him a crown and tells him he will one day wear one. By her wealth he is advanced and promoted in the army; and at length the Regent also, enchanted by her beauty, solicits an interview, to which she accedes, knowing that *Sylvio* will be entrapped by the Regent to be assassinated; but having persuaded the latter to take off his collar of state, *Sylvio* enters the apartment, the assassins rush in, and seize him that has no order on his breast; the *Enchantress* having at the same time denounced the Regent

for his treachery; and placing the collar on the neck of *Sylvio*, proclaims him the rightful heir. Various difficulties then arise, from *Stella* being also in love with her, which afford Borani an opportunity for some very good bass singing.

The music of this opera bears few marks of originality; almost every strain being familiar to the ear, though so varied in treatment that one is constantly perplexed to think where it was heard before. The singing and fascinating manner of Thillon contributed mainly to the success of the opera. Her great rapidity of execution is remarkable, and astonished the audience: in the cavatina, *A youthful Knight*, she was encored three times. The solo by Borani, in the last scene, and the ending trio with Harrison and Thillon, is perhaps the best musical composition of the work, and was very well executed. It drew an encore.

There are two grand faults in this opera—deficiency in recitative, with a redundancy of speaking, and by far too great a display of stage effect, with its necessary accompaniment of crashing and braying of brass instruments.

Lyceum.—Whit-Monday was ushered in at the Lyceum with a burlesque worthy of the holiday-folks, who assembled in great crowds to get some teaching of a very original kind from *Our New Governess*, who, notwithstanding that she is discharged without a character every evening, is likely to keep her situation for a long time to come. Indeed, this little comedy, to which we ought to have paid earlier attention, has now taken so strong and attractive a hold upon the public, that we only refer to it in order not to remain silent on a play that has more than the usual merits, both in writing and acting, and which has been produced in a manner so creditable to the management. Of the burlesque also a few words will be sufficient. It is founded on the inexhaustible *Cinderella*, and is one of the cleverest that has yet emanated from those "arcades," Messrs. T. Taylor and Albert Smith. Brimful of puns and points, good, bad, and indifferent, which keep the house in one continual state of laughter, put upon the stage with the utmost attention to scenery, dresses, and decorations,—it would have had admirers enough; but acted as it is, it must be placed as the Whitsuntide entertainment, even if it do not "run" till Christmas. The highest praise is due to all concerned in its enactment, and this comprises Keeley and his wife, Misses Fairbrother and Villars, Messrs. Frank Matthews, A. Wigan, Collier, &c., besides a heap of pupils of Mr. Frampton, who execute a variety of *pas* with almost as much grace and precision as the *Viennoises* at the Opera House. Altogether *Cinderella*, in its new form, is a capital merry and diverting burlesque.

Mr. H. Phillips.—We see by the *Boston Daily Atlas* of the 24th ult., that Mr. H. Phillips, on his homeward path from the American provinces, has given his musical entertainments with great applause to the people of Boston. "The Bear Hunt," "The Sea-fight," "The Niagara," "The pleasant Ohio," and "The Bells of New York" are his own compositions, are especially mentioned as deservedly favourite American graphic musical sketches.

VARIETIES.

The Cambridge Camden Society.—At its sixth anniversary meeting (held in the Town-hall on Thursday week), put the question of dissolution or non-dissolution to the vote, when the numbers were declared to be—

For dissolving the society . . . 109
Against it . . . 271

Majority for continuing . . . 162

Propositions having been made to appoint a committee, and to revise and remodel the constitution, a very stormy debate arose, in which the president, Archdeacon Thorp, and Professor Sedgwick took conspicuous parts. The majority carried all their points, and the society is likely to proceed in nearly the same course, and under the same auspices as before, when its publications and proceedings caused some of the highest names to be withdrawn.

The Distressed Needlewomen's Society.—An entertainment for that excellent institution, the Distressed Needlewomen's Society, is announced at the St. James's Theatre for Monday afternoon, under the especial patronage of the Queen Dowager. It is to consist in the performance of *Charles the Second, The Spitalfields Weaver, and Bombastes Furioso*, with *entre actes* of singing, &c.; the whole by amateurs, whose legitimate end, in our opinion, ought ever to be thus, to apply the exhibition of their talents to enlarge the means of charitable and useful purposes.

The School of Design.—We have long heard of the dissensions which have, unfortunately, broken out in the School of Design; but refrained from noticing them in the hope that they might be satisfactorily settled. In that hope we still remain; and having had no opportunity of hearing the particulars from authorities on all sides, upon which we could rely as unpassionate and authentic, we can only now express our regret at such an interruption having been given to the progress of so desirable a national institution. Since writing the above we have received "Letters and Depositions of the Students," but too late for notice this week.

The Literary Fund Anniversary took place on Wednesday, under the auspices of Lord Ellenborough, who was surrounded by several persons of distinction: the Archbishop of Dublin, the Prussian Minister, Lord Brougham, Lord Mahon, Lord Colchester, General Pasley, Baron L. von Buch, Mr. M. Milnes, Mr. Murchison, Mr. James, Mr. Walter, Sergeant Talfourd, &c. The toasts called up all the parties we have named, who addressed the company (nearly a hundred in number) in appropriate speeches; and a tolerable subscription was announced, though nothing equal to what an institution of this kind, and well conducted, should deserve from a public friendly to literature.

The Free Hospital, whose anniversary is appointed for next Wednesday, has, since it enlarged its sphere of charity and usefulness, met with that increased share of public sympathy which its truly Samaritan character so eminently merits. Yet, bountiful as has been the support given to it, we cannot look around on the multitude of destitute objects, to whose relief its funds are applied, without earnestly wishing that they were augmented tenfold! The altogether forlorn and unfriended have the right to shelter there—the hungry to be fed, the naked to be clothed, the sick to be healed. There is no influence nor any recommendations needed to enforce their claims: it is enough that they are in distress, in an abyss of human misery; and through this wretchedness alone they become free denizens of the Free Hospital. We trust the ensuing week will therefore add greatly to its means.

Institute of British Architects.—The conversation on Friday evening, last week, in the noble mansion of the president, the Earl de Grey, in St. James's Square, was thronged by a

brilliant assemblage of rank, of both sexes, and of persons noted in the literary and scientific circles. Objects of fine art and interest were disposed on various tables; but the pressure of numbers made the meeting one less of observation of such matters than of social intercourse and conversation. The admirable collection of paintings on the walls, the effect of the lights, and the generally handsome costume of the animated multitude, rendered the scene altogether very splendid.

King Charles's Statue, Charing Cross.—At a recent meeting of the Central Committee of the British Archaeological Association, Lord Albert Conyngham, the president, in the chair, the following communication was received; and thence, through Mr. Crofton Croker, one of the honorary secretaries, officially laid before the Commissioners of Woods and Forests:—

"The beautiful equestrian figure of Charles I. at Charing Cross, of which we have no memorial, but a very inferior engraving that by no means does justice to this *chef-d'œuvre* of Le Seur, has lately been despoiled of its sword and the *porte-épée* which held it. To my knowledge this depredation has been committed within the last twelve months, and the time most probably was when her Majesty went to open the new Exchange. Either it must have been unhooked and taken down to secure it from being stolen, when the scaffolding was raised around the figure, or advantage was taken of the easy access to purloin it. The sword was one of the period, but the *porte-épée* and sheath were of bronze."

John Britton.—Whilst every year removes from amongst us individuals whose literary labours have won for them a name in society, and a fame which will long outlast their mortal career, it affords us a sincere pleasure to find that the friends and admirers of the veteran John Britton have determined to offer to him, living, a tribute of the esteem in which they hold him, and not delay the testimonial, as is too generally done, till it can have nothing to soothe the dull cold ear of death. That Mr. Britton is most deserving of this honour will be confessed by all who have seen only a tithe of his works, and deemed a grateful duty by those who are acquainted with their extent and value, and know the history, and have witnessed the conduct throughout his whole course, of this worthy and remarkable individual. He began the world in a very lowly station, and has wrought his way to high eminence as a literary antiquary and writer upon various subjects. A classified list of his works is now before us, from which it appears that he has published, been the sole author, the joint author, the projector and owner, or the editor, of 66 volumes, besides essays, extending to the amount of above 15,000 pages; that the books have been illustrated by nearly 1900 engravings; and that more than 50,000 have been expended on these productions. The *Cathedral Antiquities of England* alone entitle him to be classed with eminent men; and we trust the distinction now about to be presented to him (of whatever nature it may be) will be suited to his merits, as it is sure to be a heart-felt gratification to himself, and most agreeable to every one in a position to take part in the act of recognising them.

Patent Podomechan.—Under this denomination we have seen a very ingenious carriage (exhibited for a while in Regent Street), in which the rider propels the vehicle with great ease to himself, and at a rate reaching to six or eight miles an hour. Instead of the *travailleur*, like a weaver's loom, hitherto employed to work

the motive power, it is done by simply pressing the feet on the movable foot-board on which they naturally rest. This simple process works the machinery, and the usual handle turns and directs the carriage. The invention seems admirably adapted for cripples, or invalids, for park-exercise, and for recreation generally. It is stated that the mechanism is equally applicable to boats.

The British Museum.—The total receipts during the year 1844 amounted to the sum of 40,430l.; and the estimated expenditure to 40,889l.; whilst the actual expenditure has been 37,449l.; leaving a balance in hand on the 31st of December last of 29811l. Of the sum of 37,449l. thus expended, 18,664l. was appropriated to salaries; 1481l. to household expenses; 11,706l. to purchases and acquisitions; 4563l. to bookbinding, cabinets, &c.; for preserving collections; 362l. for the cost of printing catalogues, and making casts; and 691.17s. for law-expenses. There were 1626l. for MSS., 4421l. for printed books; 739s. for fossils and minerals; 1135l. for zoological specimens; 100l. for botanical specimens; 1539l. for coins and numismatic antiquities; 204l. for casts from Athens; and 903l. for prints and engravings.

Earthquakes.—On the 7th of last month the severe shock of an earthquake did considerable damage to the city of Mexico.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Having pre-occupied much of our space with the notice of other works of fiction, which had reached us before, we are obliged to defer our review of Mr. James' new tale, "The Smugglers," till next Saturday.

Errata.—In our notice of the Arctic Expedition last week, p. 325, some of the names of the officers of the Erebus were given inaccurately; for Fitzgerald read Fitzjames; for Le Vicount read Le Viscount; for Fairholm read Fairholme; for Devereux read Des Voeux.

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